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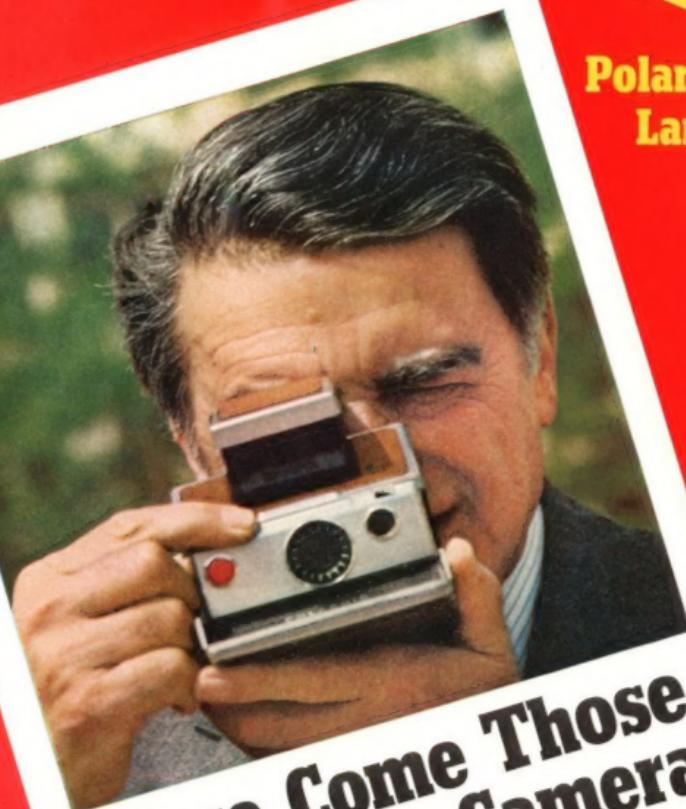
JUNE 26, 1972

POLITICAL  
REPORT

/What McGovern Would  
Mean to the Country

# TIME

Polaroid's  
Land



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**LETTERS**

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## Can Italy Be Saved?

Sir / Your essay "Can Italy Be Saved from Itself?" [June 3] proves what my professor of medieval history has maintained all along: in 1500 Western Europe should have been roped off as a historic preservation area. Modern life could have grown up in the suburbs, and we would be spared the spectacle of cars being elevated like the Host before the altars of Romanesque churches.

GAH WHITI  
New Orleans

Sir / Artisans of Florence and Rome, I beg you, do not restore the *Pietà*!

Since Michelangelo intended his work to invoke pity in the mind of the beholder, let his damaged *Pietà* conserve its brokenness—an added dimension of pity.

Pity to the sickness in the mind of him who must destroy as a means of coping with a world he no longer understands, or pity for him who destroys because he feels the world has forsaken him.

DICKIE S. ALLEN  
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sir / On a trip to Italy last summer, I was dismayed and saddened at the unkempt sight of Rome and its historical monuments. It seemed as though the Italians had very little pride in their priceless surroundings. Perhaps one of the things I will most remember about Rome is that while standing in the Colosseum in the midst of newspapers, magazines and watermelon rinds, I watched as a man fed perhaps 10 cats, which were apparently being kept in order to control the rat population.

CHERYL GOSSETT  
New Bremen, Ohio

Sir / I must commend Robert Hughes Esq. say, I too have observed the slow cultural suicide of Italy. The destruction of Italian art is a disaster because it is one of the few human creations with universal appeal. Unlike the beer-can-disposable, faddish art of today, a Bernini or Leonardo has a unique, timeless quality.

I propose that foreign governments and individuals withhold all further aid to Italy for conservation and restoration projects until there is a drastic and documented change in Italian laws and attitudes. As an alternative, I suggest that all major art works should be placed under the direct su pervision of the United Nations.

ELIAS WEINER  
Rome

## After the Summit

Sir / Why shouldn't President Nixon be well received in Peking and Moscow [June 5]? They never had it so good. Every day the Viet Nam War is prolonged we exhaust more of our resources, and every day it goes on with its murderous bombings, we add to the disdain in which we are held by practically all the nations of the world. No Machiavellian Communist could have designed a better trap to ruin us. And the dilemma will not end with the coming of peace; for we will be obliged to provide billions of dollars for the restoration of a war torn land.

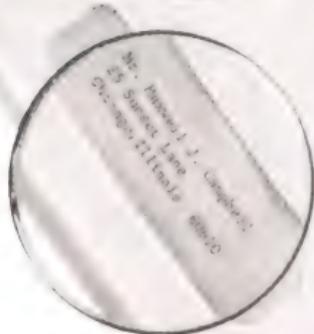
AL STRAND  
Corvallis, Ore.

Sir / The seeming unimportance of Viet Nam at the Moscow summit was regrettable. As long as potential confrontations

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#### LETTERS

[May 29] The emphasis on bar and brothel belies the seriousness of the material stake. If the world is ever to achieve peaceful development, it will come more through the success of ventures like U.N.C.T.A.D. than through Nixon-Brezhnev talks. Until international trade relations have been established on an equitable basis the tragedies of Viet Nam and Bangladesh will go on repeating themselves. A more incisive analysis! U.N.C.T.A.D.'s failure would have been appreciated.

RUFIN ALD MCQUAD

Richmond Prince Edward Island

Sir / If there is a Pulitzer or other prize for the man who said it all in one sentence, it should go to whoever wrote of the U.N.C.T.A.D. in Santiago that "The conference presumes that the U.S. is a giant cow and that there should be a treat for every developing country in the world."

LARI B. MELIARD

Santa Barbara, Calif.

#### Don't Knock It

Sir / I was very disappointed that such a splendid issue of TIME should have been spoiled by the one-sided attack on the Anglo-French supersonic Concorde [May 29].

The majority of British and French taxpayers are in favor of the project by virtue of confidence in both governments who are sponsoring the venture. You American airlines will have the "choice to buy or not to buy it," so please don't knock it.

BARRY F. LANGRIDGE

London

Sir / Your latest report on the supersonic Concorde and the anecdote about its being too heavy to travel today can only be a major attempt at humor. One can only assume that your minds are so addled that you have to prize your cars apart with a bread knife.

America in past its world industrial, financial and political dominance:

STEPHAN N. LEHR

Chapleau, Ont.

Sir / The Concorde is a commercial calamity. It reverses decades of air transport progress namely increased speed combined with greater efficiency to produce lower fares. Any airline operating the Concorde would be forced to cross-subsidize it at a rate which would bring some fares. I hope no airport operator in the U.S. would be foolish enough to let this noisy, smoky, expensive pre-ecology awareness De Gaulle legacy land.

CHARLES GESSNER

Marblehead, Mass.

Address Letters to TIME, Time Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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King: 19 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine • 100's: 20 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report No. 7.



## The one reason for choosing Cadillac that nobody talks about.

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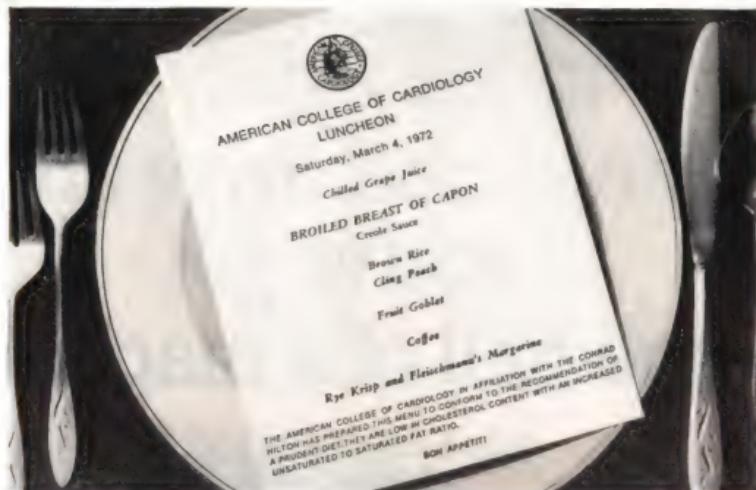
though it isn't talked about much, it's no less real. Call it reliability. Peace of mind. That feeling of confidence in knowing you are driving the car of cars. Your authorized Cadillac dealer invites you to experience the feeling for yourself. It could be the most convincing reason of all.



**Something else worth talking about.** Seat belts. The evidence seems indisputable. Seat and shoulder belts save lives. Still, many people are not convinced—not enough to use them every time. You may be one. But what about your wife—or husband? Or your children? Don't you think there's good reason to remind them to buckle up? Cadillac Motor Car Division.

*Cadillac*

# When 3,500 cardiologists met recently in Chicago, they ate just what the doctor ordered.



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meals low in cholesterol and low in saturated fat is better for us. All of us.

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Either refinement alone would make for a markedly better sports coupe. Together they knock the competition on its...ears.

The Bosch fuel injection system takes continuous readings on variables like engine temperature, intake manifold pressure and r.p.m.'s, and feeds the data into an electronic "brain" composed of 220 components, including transistors and diodes.

The net result is a fantastically responsive gas pedal. Immediate. Unbalky. As advanced as the car it propels.

If fuel injection is a better way to make an engine go, front-wheel drive is a better way to make a car go. Front-wheel drive allows our Sports Coupe to gobble up curves, ignore crosswinds, and sneer at ice and snow.

To round out the sheer joy of handling this machine, it also comes packed with these standard features: 4-on-the-floor synchromesh gear box, rack-and-pinion steering, steel-belted radial tires, OHV hemi-head engine that does 0-60 in 11.9 seconds, power-assisted

disc brakes all around, tachometer, electric windows, rear window defogger, molded bucket seats, carpeting, and tinted glass. We could go on. \$4,175.\*



### **The new Renault 15 Coupe.**

At \$3,325\* the Coupe is a most tempting alternative. While it doesn't have all the sophistications of the Sports Coupe, it does have the same front-wheel drive, steering and gear box. Which means it'll drive circles around every sport coupe around. Except one.

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World's largest producer of front-wheel drive cars.



# TIME

13th WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE  
June 26, 1972 Vol. 99 No. 26

## THE NATION

### AMERICAN NOTES

#### Hanky-Panky

When the President of the U.S. makes a sudden, unexplained move during what is supposed to be a weekend of rest, it sends a ripple of consternation across the land. That is what happened when President Nixon, relaxing at his Camp David, Md., retreat, snatched up his briefcase, dashed to his helicopter and zipped back to the White House. Left behind were reporters, staff aides, his wife and a house guest.

To make matters murkier, White House spokesmen offered the lamest excuses. Speculation mounted. Surely the balloon could not have gone up? No, it had not, but the summer pollen count had. Quite simply, the President was escaping from the pollen hanging heavy over Camp David. Indeed, one wonders at the effort to cover up the President's allergy. Millions of Americans who have itched and sneezed through the ragweed season would understand, sympathize and even take a measure of comfort in knowing that the President, with all the perquisites of office and in-house physicians, suffers just like anyone else at hay-fever time.



BASIL & HIS MOTHER REUNITED  
The search goes on.

#### Sale of the Centuries

Yes sir, folks, step right up, today only, one per customer, all sales final, for the price of eight crisp \$10 bills, or four used 20s, get your red-hot \$100 bills!

Chicago's United America Bank needed no such carny-barker approach to create a run on the bank. To celebrate the firm's tenth anniversary, officials decided to forgo the standard promotional hoopla and instead advertised a money sale. Each of the first 35 customers in line last Wednesday morning got to purchase a \$100 bill for \$80. There were similar sales of descending denominations capped by the sale of 1,800 silver dollars at half price.

The gimmick was not lost on Chicago bargain hunters. The most enterprising among them were the four Johnson brothers: Linton, Wallace, Ron and Carl, who managed to be the first four in line. They planned their vigil carefully, arriving at the bank's door at closing time the day before the sale. Said Linton, the eldest at 24: "We had all we needed. We brought some sandwiches for dinner and breakfast and a record player with some of our sounds." The Johnsons made a party of it, dancing and singing through the night.

Other members of the United 35 dozed in sleeping bags, played cards and listened to radios. The sale was over in two hours, costing the bank only \$2,740. Bank President John L. Cooley has received phone calls from other bank managers who said they would like to give the gambit a try. Check your local listings for time and place.

#### He's Mine, No, He's Mine

On a recent warm evening in Key West, Fla., a sandy-haired, blue-eyed teen-age boy swam ashore carrying a compass, knife and can opener. He later appeared at a highway-patrol office and told the authorities: tearfully, that he did not know who he was.

While the amnesic lad marked time by doing odd jobs for the Salvation Army and playing honky-tonk piano, distraught mothers of runaways called Key West by the hundreds, claiming him as their own. Finally the real parents showed up, identifying the boy as Kim Basil Kadash, 16, of East Chicago, Ind. Kim recognized his mother and departed for home with his parents, leaving those anguished mothers to go on searching countless police stations and claiming sandy-haired, blue-eyed teenage boys as their lost sons.



CONNALLY ON RANCH NEAR BUENOS AIRES

#### DIPLOMACY

## Men in Motion:

THE sensitive diplomatic circuitry that links Washington, Peking, Moscow and Paris was fairly sputtering last week. First the chief American delegate to the suspended Paris peace talks, Ambassador William Porter, returned to his post after several weeks' absence and sounded a relatively optimistic note upon arrival. He carefully avoided suggestions that any new development had taken place concerning the talks, but he stressed that President Richard Nixon is "intensely interested" in reaching a negotiated settlement. The U.S. had previously insisted that it would stay away from the talks unless there was some sign of serious North Vietnamese interest in negotiations. A day or two earlier, it had been reported that Hanoi's chief negotiator, Xuan Thuy, was also on his way back to Paris with new instructions.

At the same time, Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny journeyed to Hanoi for talks with North Vietnamese leaders. But what lent extraordinary interest to those diplomatic travels was the news of another mission: only four days after he had returned from a visit to Tokyo, Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger left Washington for Peking.

Clearly something fascinating was going on—probably focusing on Viet Nam—even if the various journeys were not specifically connected. The White House insisted that Kissinger's latest jaunt was merely a follow-up to the Peking summit and would deal with "the normalization of relations" between China and the U.S. But White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler added tantalizingly that the discussions would



INDIA'S FOREIGN MINISTER SINGH GREETING PODGORNY IN CALCUTTA



KISSINGER WITH JAPANESE POLITICIANS IN TOKYO RESTAURANT

## Something Going On

not deal with "routine matters," and high Administration officials said privately that there was definitely a link between Porter's return to Paris and Kissinger's return to Peking. Another Nixon emissary, globetrotting former Treasury Secretary John Connally, meanwhile, will be in the South Pacific this week on his way to Southeast Asia.

For once, Henry Kissinger had taken special care to inform the Japanese of his forthcoming China visit. Mending fences in Tokyo, he had generously apologized for last year's *shokku* when the Japanese were not told of President Nixon's impending visit to the Chinese capital. "We failed to anticipate the extent of Japanese reaction," he explained. He met with Premier Eisaku Sato—who later in the week announced his expected retirement (TIME, June 19). Kissinger also talked with 85 distinguished Japanese ranging from government officials and opposition politicians to businessmen, intellectuals and journalists. He reiterated the reasons for Nixon's new China policy, and he assured the Japanese that the U.S. does not want Japan to go nuclear. Then, instead of flying on to Peking, which would have made Tokyo look like a way station, he accorded extra emphasis to the importance of his notably successful visit to Japan by flying home first before recrossing the Pacific.

On the surface, it was surprising that the Chinese would welcome Kissinger when North Viet Nam is being badly hurt by intensive U.S. air strikes (see THE WORLD). A week earlier, Peking had sharply attacked the U.S. for its

bombing in Viet Nam—some of which has taken place within a few seconds' flying time of the Chinese border. Washington dismissed Peking's comments as intended to mollify the North Vietnamese, who would rightly interpret Kissinger's welcome in Peking as a slap at them. But many China experts believed Peking was genuinely warning Washington that the Chinese must not be pushed too far. For the moment, however, they evidently had no intention of allowing the U.S. bombing and mining of North Viet Nam to damage the progress toward better U.S.-Chinese relations. Like the Soviets, they have privately expressed their disapproval of both Hanoi's invasion of the South and its rigidity at the bargaining table. The effect of both the Peking and Moscow summits has been to isolate Hanoi, and last week's events reminded the North Vietnamese of this fact. "It's a strange sight watching three big powers move in on one small one," remarked a senior U.S. official, "especially when two of its protectors are involved."

**First Steps.** Kissinger's visit also helped dispel, at least for the moment, a fresh spate of rumors that Chairman Mao Tse-tung was seriously ill or even dying. Mao has not appeared in public since the Nixon trip last February, and has failed to greet two recent visitors—Somali President Mohamed Siad Barre and Lois Wheeler Snow, widow of Author Edgar Snow—who he might ordinarily have received. But most China experts, though they agree that Mao may be indisposed, reason that if he were seriously ill, Kissinger simply

would not have been invited to Peking.

Nor would he have been welcome if the Chinese leadership were engaged in a serious foreign policy debate. There probably was a recent meeting of the Chinese Central Committee—all of China's important leaders dropped out of sight during the first week of June—but it may well have dealt with domestic problems like the gap in the party leadership created by the fall of Defense Minister Lin Piao and five other members of the Politburo last year.

Do the travels of Kissinger and Podgorny have a common goal? The idea persists—nourished by oblique clues like Nixon's failure to mention South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu in his announcement of the mining of North Viet Nam's harbors last month—that the first steps of some grand design might be taking place.

Podgorny can be expected to give his hosts a report of sorts on the Moscow summit, and to discuss the problem of getting Soviet supplies to Hanoi while North Vietnamese harbors are mined—as well as to offer a few soothing words about why Moscow reacted so mildly to the mining in the first place. Moscow is miffed at the Chinese refusal to let Russian ships and supplies to North Viet Nam move through South China ports and railways, and Soviet party officials are being told that "there is nothing good in relations" between Moscow and Peking just now.

But Podgorny's trip, like Kissinger's, could also be an effort to determine whether there exists a middle ground between the U.S. and North Vietnamese attitudes toward a settlement. As if to demonstrate its tacit approval of the Podgorny mission, the U.S. last week suspended its bombing raids to the Hanoi area for the duration of the visit.

## ARMED FORCES

### Lavelle's Private War

No tradition is more sacred and vital to the U.S.—or any democracy—than the supremacy of civilian authority over the military. Limited wars such as Korea and Viet Nam put unusual strain on the bonds of the tradition. In Korea, it cost General Douglas MacArthur his command; in Viet Nam, it led General William Westmoreland to liken his job to fighting with one hand tied behind his back. But until General John Lavelle, Viet Nam had produced no outright defiance of presidential strictures on the conduct of the war.

In August 1971, Lavelle took command of all U.S. Air Force units in the Viet Nam conflict. Nervous, not very personable, he nonetheless was respected for his tenacious concern for the welfare of his men. When he arrived, the North Vietnamese were well along within their borders on the massive buildup for last April's all-out offensive. Lavelle's air reconnaissance crews provided a regular flow of reports and photographs chronicling its progress. A veteran Air Force "tiger" who flew 76 combat missions in World War II, Lavelle, 55, decided he could not sit idly by while Hanoi continued to assemble its war machine. So he made the extraordinary decision to take matters into his own hands.

Defying the directives laid down by the White House on bombing North Viet Nam, time and again over a period of four months from November to March, he secretly sent his planes (mostly F-4 Phantoms) north to hit unauthorized targets. To cover his actions, the official reports of the missions were falsified all along the line to describe them as "protective reaction" strikes. In Pentagon jargon, that means a pilot has let loose on a target because that target, usually a missile battery, has fired or was preparing to fire on his plane. During Lavelle's tenure, only such enemy action made bombing in North Viet Nam permissible.

**Troubled.** Washington might never have learned of Lavelle's raids had not an Air Force sergeant in Viet Nam involved in falsifying the reports become troubled when his immediate commanding officer quipped that even the President did not know what the fighter-bombers were doing. The sergeant wrote Iowa Senator Harold Hughes "to inform you of what is happening and to find out if this falsification of classified documents is legal and proper." Hughes suspected not, and had a copy of the letter hand-carried to Air Force Chief of Staff General John Ryan on March 8. Within 24 hours Ryan had the Air Force's inspector general, Lieut. General Louis L. Wilson Jr., on a plane to Saigon.

He found Lavelle was indeed exceeding his command authority. Wilson

specifically pinpointed 147 sorties into North Viet Nam by Lavelle's planes in violation of the war's Rules of Engagement. The bombings had been reported as protective reaction strikes when, in fact, there had been no enemy firings, and Lavelle was choosing his own targets. There may well have been many more than the 147 the inspector general identified: during the four months in question, Lavelle's planes reported 1,300 protective reaction strikes.

Lavelle was ordered home. Given the battered image of the military, Ryan hoped that the matter could be kept within the Pentagon. He offered Lavelle two options: 1) another assignment and the loss of two stars, or 2) retirement with a reduction to the three-star rank of lieutenant general. Lavelle wisely

Abrams did not know that the strike reports were being falsified.

Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin urged the Air Force to court-martial Lavelle, who, though now a civilian, can legally be returned to stand military trial. Proxmire rightly termed Lavelle's shoot-from-the-hip action a violation of "the principles of civilian control over the military." Then there was the haunting possibility that Lavelle's raids might have contributed to the mysterious breakdown of Kissinger's secret peace negotiations in Paris last November—the very month Lavelle began his extracurricular activity with strikes at three North Vietnamese airfields. Beyond that is yet a fresh puzzlelement in the often baffling conduct of the war: how one man could get away with such grave and potentially disastrous cowboyism for four months without his superiors in Viet Nam or the Pentagon knowing it.

## POLITICS

### The Kennedy Question

With George McGovern's delegates proliferating, many Democrats have assumed that he could be denied the presidential nomination only if a convention draft could be engineered for Edward Kennedy. But for months Kennedy has disavowed any interest in making the run this year—a reluctance that gained some emphasis after the shooting of George Wallace. But last week, by a series of delphic and almost flirtatious statements, Kennedy seemed to be inserting himself back into the 1972 race.

First the Boston *Globe* published a story speculating that Kennedy might accept the vice-presidential nomination on a ticket with George McGovern. "It would be presumptuous of me to turn down something that nobody has offered," Kennedy was quoted as saying.

As soon as the *Globe* story was out, Kennedy met Capitol reporters and declared emphatically: "I am not a candidate for President nor would I accept a draft, nor am I a candidate for Vice President nor would I accept a draft." Then, in immediate contradiction, he remarked that if his presence on the ticket were critical to victory in November, he "of course" would consider running for Vice President.

What did that mean? That he meant to signal McGovern that he was available for second spot? If so, Kennedy might simply have called the South Dakotan or sent word through countless available intermediaries. That his own thinking on the entire subject remains ambivalent and imprecise? Perhaps. But presumably, if Kennedy would run for Vice President in order to ensure a Democratic victory in November, he would also run for President on the same grounds. Kennedy did not clarify matters when he said: "I would not exclude all possibilities."



RETIRED GENERAL LAVELLE  
Defying strictures.

chose the latter. He retired on April 7 with a pension of \$2,250 a month.

But four-star generals commanding the nation's air war are scarcely allowed just to fade away, and the House Armed Services Committee appointed a special subcommittee to investigate Lavelle's retirement. Last week Lavelle and Ryan appeared before the congressional committee. Relaxed and unrepentant, Lavelle blandly acknowledged that he had made what he termed "a very liberal interpretation" of the Rules of Engagement in ordering his pilots to hit north. Would he do it over again? a committee member asked. "Absolutely," the general replied. "The strikes were specifically directed at air-defense targets, where the buildup had increased in preparation for the invasion."

Was General Creighton Abrams, commander of all U.S. forces in Viet Nam, aware of the missions? "I believe General Abrams knew what I was doing," Lavelle told the Congressmen. He added, however, that he was "positive"

# What McGovern Would Mean to the Country



## Economics: Leveling Out

**I**n a skit at a McGovern rally in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden last week, Showman Mike Nichols, playing an all-round expert, tried to explain the candidate's economic policy to Worried Liberal Elaine May.

*May:* I just love his economic program, but what is it?

*Nichols:* Well, in broad outline—

*May:* No, I know it in broad outline. What is it specifically?

*Nichols:* I can only give it to you in broad outline.

A skit at a Nixon rally had hardly poked McGovern more deftly in his most vulnerable spot. Earlier this year, as a lightly regarded hopeful in a jammed Democratic field, McGovern laid down an economic program that seemed remarkably precise. Once he began winning primaries, his positions were put to deep analysis. McGovern's figures just did not add up, and the discrepancies were great enough to suggest that the Prairie Populist had not fully thought through his ideas.

Now that he has the nomination almost in his grasp, McGovern has fuzzed much of his original arithmetic. But one thing is clear: in tone and direction, his program is a design for the most basic change in the nation's economy, and indeed its whole society, since the New Deal of Franklin Roosevelt.

"Each American should pay his fair share, and each American should receive his fair share," says McGovern. To him that means great family fortunes would be broken up; the wealthy and many middle-income earners would pay higher taxes; incomes would be leveled. Corporate taxes would rise sharply. The Government would take over more of the planning of investment. The American economy would come to resemble Western Europe's, with high social spending, low defense spending and more central direction.

Part of the money raised by the tax increases and by cuts in defense spending would go to the poor. Part would be spent by the Government to upgrade education, fight pollution, improve rapid transit and hire people who cannot

*Along the campaign trail George McGovern has issued a specific set of blueprints for how he would alter the nation's economic and defense policies. But he has also said very little about some matters, notably foreign policy. Nearing nomination, McGovern has become somewhat less precise on his specifics and somewhat more forthcoming on the gaps in his world view. In this five-page Political Report, TIME analyzes what McGovern would mean as President.*

find jobs in the private economy. Private investment would probably suffer. But McGovern's brain-trusters—mostly economists at M.I.T., Harvard, Yale, Northwestern and Princeton, who get advice from Maverick John Kenneth Galbraith—are not worried. They argue that U.S. business would be kept humming, thanks to increased Government investment and more spending by the no-longer poor.

The Senator has yet to make clear exactly how large the grants to the poor would be, and precisely who would be taxed just how much to pay for them. Having issued one set of numbers, and backed away from many of them, he must soon come forward with some solid figures. As far as can be determined, this is his current position:

**MINIMUM INCOME.** McGovern's basic idea is to replace the present inefficient, bureaucratic welfare programs with direct federal "grants" for everyone, from billionaires to newborn ghetto babies. Actually, millions of people would never see the money; the grants would be only phantom figures on their tax statements. At first, the Senator set the grants at \$1,000 per person per year, but only the very poor would get that much. The grants would be taxed, and taxpayers would lose their present \$750 personal exemptions, with the result that most people would have at least part of their \$1,000 grant eaten up by higher taxes. After this complex tax jiggling, McGovern's initial estimates were that a family of four with an income of \$8,000 would collect \$2,000 from the Government. A family with a \$12,000 income would collect nothing. Families earning more than \$12,000 would suffer progressively more severe tax increases.

In both finance and philosophy, this program goes far beyond the welfare-reform bill (H.R. 1) that Nixon got the House to pass last year. Both programs would establish the principle of a minimum income, equalize welfare payments across the country, and have the Federal Government take over the funding of them, thus relieving states and cities of what has become a crushing fiscal burden. But H.R. 1 would pay only \$2,400 a year to a family of four, leaving it well below the officially designated urban poverty line of \$3,968; McGovern's \$4,000 payments would lift the city family barely above the line.

And his plan is much more than a welfare scheme. It aims at a vast redistribution of income, not just from the rich to the poor, but also from the upper-middle class to the lower-middle class.

The obvious drawback is the cost. McGovern staffers calculate it at \$50 billion a year. They claim that \$23 billion could be offset by cutbacks in other federal programs, but their arithmetic is questionable. Some \$8 billion would come from wiping out federal contributions to the present welfare programs. But the other \$15 billion consists of the purely theoretical gains to be made by not enacting 1) an increase in Social Security benefits and 2) a \$5 billion revenue-sharing program that McGovern would propose if there were no minimum-income plan.

Even these dubious calculations would oblige McGovern to raise \$27 billion in new tax revenue. He says that most of this would come from steeper taxes on U.S. families that earn more than \$20,000 a year. He once estimated the average net tax increase in the \$12,000-to-\$20,000 bracket at a mere \$21—whether per person or per family was not clear. Later he revised the calculation to \$50 per person—or \$200 for a family of four. In fact, one computer run showed that the tax increase on families in the \$10,000 to \$15,000 in-





MEETING OF McGOVERN ADVISERS AT HARVARD (FAR LEFT: J. KENNETH GALBRAITH)

The arithmetic may be fuzzy, but the direction is clear.

come group would average \$222. The increase would average \$1,001 for families earning \$20,000 to \$25,000, and \$4,021 on family incomes between \$25,000 and \$50,000. The computations so horrified McGovern that he sent the whole program back to his economists for redrafting.

Subsequently, McGovern has hinted that the grants might be reduced. He has said that fixing on \$1,000 "may have been a mistake." The grants could not be cut too much without keeping some of the poor in poverty, but they might, for example, be lowered below \$1,000 per person in large families. In any case, McGovern has yet to prove that he can devise a plan that will accomplish his goals without forcing unacceptable tax increases, especially for the middle class.

**TAX REFORM.** Above and beyond the tax increases that would finance the minimum-income plan, McGovern has called for reforms that he says would raise \$28 billion for new social programs and that would have the effect of hitting many upper-bracket taxpayers twice. He has often spoken about closing "loopholes," but he has singled out only one—the depletion allowance for oil and other minerals, which he would gradually reduce. Pressed last week by Republican members of the Joint Economic Committee, he testified that he was "inclined" to keep three of the most important privileges that benefit individual taxpayers. They are the tax exemptions for interest on state and local bonds, and deductions for charitable contributions and interest payments on home mortgages.

Yet McGovern would force the three-quarters of a million U.S. families whose incomes are above \$50,000 to pay a minimum tax even if they had huge, legitimate deductions. The payment would be 75% of the tax rates on straight salaries. It is impossible to say

what any family would actually pay, but 75% of the present rate on a taxable income of \$50,000 is \$12,795. One consequence of the minimum tax: corporations would be tempted to reward their executives not with salary raises but with fancy fringes.

Heirs of affluent people would also be penalized. Taxes on individual inheritances in excess of \$60,000 would jump, reaching a maximum of 77% on amounts of \$500,000 or more. (At present, the maximum rate is 77% on estates of more than \$10 million.) Because the new tax would apply to individual inheritances instead of total estates, a person would do better to will his lifetime earnings to, say, ten beneficiaries instead of one or two. Breaking up the estate into many smaller inheritances would reduce the tax bite. Thus the affluent would have an incentive to bear more children and to invest not in securities or real estate but in jewels. The latter could be easily handed down from parents to children without the taxman knowing of it.

Besides raising money for a long list of McGovern spending programs, the high inheritance tax has the aim of dismantling the great American family fortunes. Families could no longer pass on from generation to generation the power of the Mellons or Rockefellers or Kennedys. Is that a proper aim? The philosophical debate is as old as the Republic, and it split the Founding Fathers. James Madison advocated laws that "would reduce extreme wealth towards a state of mediocrity and raise extreme indigence toward a state of comfort"—a reasonable description of McGovern's goals. Thomas Jefferson argued against perpetuation of wealth, contending among other things that the assurance of a large inheritance "sometimes does injury to the morals of youth by rendering them independent of, and disobedient to, their parents." But Al-

exander Hamilton contended that inequality of property "would exist as long as liberty existed, and that it would unavoidably result from that very liberty itself."

Clearly, McGovern's egalitarianism would cause severe dislocations in the economy. Inherited wealth is a source of the risk capital that helps new companies get started and nourishes inventions. Economists dispute just how important it is for these purposes, but none doubt that much less of it would be available under McGovern's program.

There would also be less corporate profit. Business taxes would be raised by anywhere from \$1.3 billion to \$1.7 billion, depending on what McGovern statements one reads, but even at minimum this would be a wallop of 39% raise. This would be accomplished by knocking out breaks for corporations that have been written into law since 1960. The two chief benefits to be removed are accelerated depreciation and the 7% tax credit on investments in new or modernized plants and machinery.

Surprisingly, these changes might not reduce by very much the profits that many companies report to shareholders. Hard hit would be companies that have huge fixed investments in plants, and those that have put the investment credit right into current profits instead of spreading them out over many years. For example, U.S. Steel last year reported after-tax profits of \$155 million; under McGovern's plan, its profits would have been \$131 million—a drop of \$24 million. By contrast, ITT's earnings would have been down only from \$337 million to \$328 million, and General Motors would have lost only \$2 million of its \$1.9 billion net. Yet even the companies that would not suffer much immediately would feel the impact over the long pull. Reason: the companies that do not report their investment credits as current profits put them into reserves for future use. With the credits gone, these companies would have less of reserves—and thus less to spend for expansion and modernization.

Economists sympathetic to McGovern argue that investment would be encouraged as a result of demand built up by the minimum-income program and heavy social spending. Companies, they believe, would simply have to expand to supply an enlarging market. Conservative economists reply that businesses would spend less to expand and modernize, because the costs of investment would be higher. The result would be a slower growth of productivity. Interest rates might also go up. Reason: businesses would have to borrow more of whatever they did invest—at the very time that McGovern's tax program was reducing the supply of savings available for loans.

**SOCIAL SPENDING.** McGovern proposes eventually to spend \$55 billion a year on new and/or expanded federal programs. The extra spending includes:

\$15 billion for the Federal Govern-

ment to take over one-third of the financing of education and thereby enable states and cities to reduce property taxes.

\$3 billion to build schools and hospitals.

\$3 billion for pollution control.

\$3 billion for public transit.

\$1.5 billion for drug control.

\$2 billion for assistance to civilian research and development.

In addition there would be a crash \$10 billion program to hire job seekers and put them to work building housing, public-transit and sewage-plant projects. There would also be a comprehensive plan of medical insurance, financed separately by an increase in payroll taxes, and expenses of unspecified size to retrain and pay at 80% of full salary the people thrown out of work by McGovern's defense slashes.

This program raises the question of whether McGovern understands, as Lyndon Johnson did not, that spending more money does not necessarily cure social ills. At minimum, though, McGovern has picked the right targets. With rare exceptions, such as his proposal to increase price supports on wheat and dairy products, his plans zero in on obvious and urgent social needs. McGovern would also begin the long-overdue

process of shifting the funding of social programs away from cities and states, which pay for them with inefficient and regressive sales and property taxes, to the Federal Government, which can pay with generally fair and effective income taxes (TIME cover, March 13).

The overriding question again is whether the nation can afford it. McGovern's answer is easy and superficially reassuring: yes. His \$28 billion in tax reforms and \$32 billion in defense savings (see following story) would cover the \$55 billion of new social spending. Yet the math is tricky. Some Democratic economists calculate that his defense cutbacks would save \$10 billion less than he thinks. His revenue proposals could raise less than he estimates because Congress tends to shave down proposals for tax increases. His social programs could easily be costlier than he calculates because Congress has a propensity for jacking up spending.

**Slim Margin.** The margin for miscalculation is perilously thin. A study by predominantly Democratic economists at the Brookings Institution concluded that by fiscal 1975, President Nixon's existing and proposed programs would produce a deficit of \$17 billion, even if the economy was operating at full employment. So much red ink in a fully employed economy could be grossly inflationary. A rise in living costs could quickly make necessary an income of more than \$4,000 to pull an urban family of four out of poverty

Large increases in teacher salaries and construction costs could undermine McGovern's school-financing programs. In order to avoid that outcome, taxes might have to be increased even more sharply.

It is easy to disparage any part of McGovern's program, but it must be judged as a whole. The spending programs that he proposes would be impossibly costly without the defense savings. McGovern himself recognizes that the income tax increases that the middle class would be hit with would be politically unsalable without the property-tax relief envisioned in his education proposals and the increased equity in the tax field promised by his inheritance- and corporate-tax suggestions. Though fuzzy in detail, his program does hang together conceptually.

The advantages and the drawbacks are clear. One economist high in the Nixon Administration concedes cautiously: "Assuming that everything can be funded and it is not inflationary—and those are big ifs—McGovern would equal full employment. But he would probably mean lower productivity and slower growth." Is this the kind of economy and society that the people want? Voters cannot judge intelligently until they know more about the real cost—and who would pay exactly how much. McGovern must be both more candid and more precise on those passion-raising issues, which concern not only the pocketbook but also the whole future direction of American society.



## Defense: Pulling Back

**A** GEORGE McGOVERN presidency would shake the Pentagon to its subterranean fall-out shelters. He has proposed a \$32 billion slash in the defense budget within three years and spelled out precisely how he would achieve it (see chart, next page). As he defended that position before a Joint Economic Committee hearing on Capitol Hill last week, it was apparent that arms is the area in which McGovern has been most specific and will not waffle. To support his point that national security is threatened less from abroad than by "the deterioration of our society from within," McGovern quoted President Eisenhower, who warned in 1953: "Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired, signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed."

If McGovern had his way, more generals than rockets might be fired. As one possibility for saving military money, he noted that the Armed Forces are now "ridiculously top-heavy," pointing

out that the U.S. has fewer troops than in 1964, but more officers above the rank of lieutenant colonel. A bit beligerently, the former World War II bomber pilot declared: "I'm not overawed by generals like some politicians who've never been in service." Yet he insists that his alternative national defense posture provides for basic U.S. security and that he would not shrink from using military force if necessary. "I'm not a pacifist," he says. "If we confront another Hitler or a clear threat to our national interests, I'd respond with power. It's a dangerous world, and some people only understand force."

Whether the McGovern budget actually provides for the kinds and degrees of force that might be found necessary is debatable. He insists that there is faulty logic in comparing one year's budget with another and considering any reduction an automatic decline in strength. "If we spend \$20 billion on new weapons in one year and \$5 billion the next," he notes, "we have not cut our military force. We have increased it by \$5 billion." Pentagon and independent analysts contend that McGovern has underestimated the costs of the forces in his recommended budget by at least \$10 billion—which is meant to show McGovern's faulty arithmetic.



"The old bomber pilot."

## THE NATION

but could also mean that his cut is actually less drastic than it looks.

McGovern's savings in strategic nuclear weapons would come mainly from phasing out the less versatile liquid-fueled Titan ICBM and reducing the strategic bombing force—on the grounds that the U.S.S.R. is cutting back its bombers and the U.S. needs only enough of them to complicate Soviet defensive planning.

McGovern becomes impatient with the complex theories of what might be needed to fight a nuclear war, arguing that there are no effective defenses and that once such a war starts, the choice between "calamity and catastrophe" is meaningless. The point is to deter a nuclear exchange, and McGovern insists that beyond a minimum, the number of missiles that opposing sides have is

The candidate argues that the U.S. nuclear-submarine fleet alone is all that is really essential to deter an enemy from attacking, since there is no way to simultaneously locate, much less destroy, enough of these vessels. He sees the future of land ICBMs and bombers as limited, but considers their added deterrent value worth maintaining at their relatively low cost. He would modernize existing B-52 bombers rather than develop the new B-1 bomber. He applauds the SALT limitations on anti-ballistic-missile systems on the grounds that they are essentially ineffective.

While some independent strategic-weapons specialists describe McGovern's reasoning as "simple-minded," and his faith in the invulnerability of the submarine as too extreme, few quarrel violently with his nuclear policies.

of the U.S. to airlift troops swiftly into Europe to reinforce the defense in such a case. Some U.S. pullback by the Nixon Administration seems likely as talks on mutual reductions with the Soviet Union are planned—and McGovern could be faulted for removing any Soviet incentive to bargain.

The McGovern assault on carriers is based on the claim that the flattops are simply too vulnerable in any war with an enemy that has sophisticated tactical missiles. He concedes the usefulness of the carrier in emergencies "to show the flag" and in a Viet Nam-style war in which they do not come under serious attack. But he considers them too costly for these limited functions—and notes that neither the Soviet Union nor China has any attack carriers at all so far. The carriers' defenders, of course, regard them as an invaluable means of extending U.S. power throughout the world in any limited war situation. They see great dangers in McGovern's plan to have only two carriers stationed out of the European theater.

**White Flag.** While McGovern's defense posture can be defended as falling far short of "running up the white flag," as Defense Secretary Melvin Laird has charged, its most serious deficiency may be its failure to link the level of military power with a clear statement of how McGovern views U.S. commitments abroad. McGovern has not yet drawn more than a rough outline of his foreign policy. He does, however, accept the notion that the U.S. can almost dismiss Asia as an area in which U.S. interests will require a military presence. His celebrated vow to withdraw U.S. forces from Viet Nam and the rest of Indochina would further reduce U.S. military commitments. He would also withdraw the U.S. from SEATO, dismissing the treaty as "one of those Duvels pacts that has never meant anything." He seems unworried by complaints that withdrawal from Asia might exacerbate hostility between China and Japan and give Japan an incentive to develop nuclear weapons.

McGovern has been attacked for his readiness to abandon the Saigon government as being inconsistent with his determination that, as President, he would "not let Israel go under." McGovern sees Israel as "a democratic nation, whose elected leadership has as firm a support among its people as any government in the world," in contrast with Saigon's government, which he has termed "a corrupt dictatorship which long ago lost the support of its people."

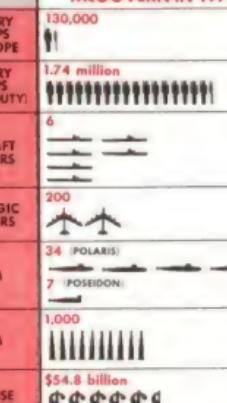
He has condemned U.S. support of the Greek military government and charged that for too long U.S. policy has been "obsessed with the fear of international Communism," when in fact, "some of the worst scoundrels round the world sail under an anti-Communist banner." He adds: "I don't like Communism, but I don't think we have any great obligation to save the world from it. That's a choice other coun-

## DEFENSE: HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH?

### NIXON IN 1973



### McGOVERN IN 1975



TIME Chart by V. Puglisi

irrelevant. The U.S. has far more warheads than the 200 he figures are necessary to destroy the limited targets that would have to be attacked to render either China or Russia helpless.

McGovern thus sees no need to continue the program of placing more warheads within single missiles, for example in converting the Polaris submarines into the MIRVED Poseidon system or in MIRVING the Minuteman ICBMs. The fact that the U.S. has been doing this, he argues, only ensures that the Russians will not stop until they deploy MIRVED missiles too. He assails the Nixon Administration's practice of developing such systems partly as a bargaining chip to gain SALT agreements. This is "a grave and costly tactical blunder: our ability to build these systems should be just as effective for bargaining purposes as actual construction."

Some, however, do worry about a possible Soviet catch-up in nuclear technology—although they do not claim that this would necessarily increase the danger of nuclear war. Far more controversial are McGovern's proposals for a unilateral 56% reduction in U.S. forces assigned to NATO defenses in Europe and his proposal to slash the number of U.S. aircraft carriers from 16 to six.

McGovern justifies the U.S. troop withdrawal from Europe largely on his analysis that NATO and the opposing Warsaw Pact forces are roughly in balance, that defensive forces always require far fewer troops than does an attacking force and that the remaining sizable U.S. contingent would be enough to assure NATO allies that they would not be abandoned in the event of a Soviet attack. McGovern probably places too much reliance on the ability

tries have to make." Going beyond the Nixon Doctrine, McGovern says that he would prefer that nations like Brazil or India not turn Communist, but that if they did, it would not "fundamentally affect our interests." McGovern thus applauds Nixon's overtures to Peking and Moscow. He would pull all U.S. forces out of Taiwan, abandoning that government. He also argues that South Korea is so much stronger than its foes in the North that U.S. troops can also be withdrawn from there. In



## Society: Loosening Up

*It is 1973, and the neighborhood draft dodger triumphantly has returned home from Sweden to take one of the newly created jobs at Freedom Fleet. Until... a bus company shuttling ghetto children to racially balanced schools in the suburbs. After work, the ex-expatriate picks up his date at the friendly corner abortion parlor, stops next door at Poi City for some Acapulco gold, and then trips off to Timothy Leary's Dizziland, a new chain of rock-'n'-roll-your-own-nightclubs springing up in abandoned American Legion halls.*

If George McGovern is elected President, such might be the exaggerated vision conjured up by his severest critics as well as his most ardent admirers. Though outlandish, the projection suggests something of the difficulty that McGovern faces in promulgating his social policies: how to allay the fears of one group while sustaining the hopes of the other. When he first declared his candidacy 17 months ago, Dark Horse McGovern could afford an image of permissiveness to solidify the allegiance of his youthful followers. Now, as the surprise Democratic front runner who needs to broaden his constituency, the proponent of "straight talk" is spinning out a few left-to-right curves on the more crucial social issues.

**AMNESTY.** McGovern once left the impression that, save for deserters, he favored unqualified amnesty for "those who, on the grounds of conscience, have refused to participate in the Viet Nam tragedy." In the Nebraska primary, where the amnesty issue was used against him, he hinted that he might recommend some form of volunteer service for draft evaders: "If I had left the country rather than participate in war, I would want to do that."

fact, there are those who worry that without a U.S. presence, South Korea might attack North Korea.

Clearly, McGovern's interest in domestic affairs transcends his concern for world events, partly because he feels that U.S. influence will depend upon the quality of its society. He is at a huge disadvantage with Nixon in expertise and experience in global affairs, but he is moving to attract expert advice. He recently created a foreign policy task force under Abram Chayes, a Harvard Law School professor and former State Department legal adviser in the Kennedy Administration.

McGovern is undoubtedly right in arguing that America's safety does not depend upon sheer nuclear numbers, as the recent U.S.-Soviet agreements bear

witness. And there is always a mood in the country to cut back on arms in the wake of a war. But the net effect of McGovern in the White House would likely be that the U.S. would be living more dangerously. No one can be sure, for example, that the nuclear arms race can be slowed more by the example of unilateral U.S. reductions than by bargaining based on threats of escalation. In its conventional-force deployment and in its diplomacy as well, the U.S. would probably pull back, worry less about competing with the Soviet Union for influence everywhere and be less ready to intervene if a nation slipped toward Communism. Those are drastic shifts in the postwar role of the U.S. in the world, and they raise momentous questions for the U.S. and its allies.

Since then he has not mentioned that possible proviso, preferring to point out that his attitude on draft evasion was shared by Presidents Lincoln, Coolidge and Truman, all of whom granted amnesty following previous wars.

**BUSING.** Of all the Democratic contenders, McGovern was deemed the strongest advocate of busing to achieve school desegregation. Shortly before the Florida primary, however, a column in the Washington Post claimed that McGovern was on the verge of softening his stand on busing. The report was true; McGovern was considering a shift in position, but the Post's revelation caused such a furor among his supporters that he held back.

Similarly, on TV's *Issues & Answers*, he allowed that he might look with favor upon the nomination of Senator Robert Byrd to the Supreme Court, despite the conservative record of the West Virginian, who is antibusing. Next day McGovern retracted the statement. His present stand is that he is "sympathetic to parents who are concerned about their children being sent to inferior schools" and that he "wouldn't be distressed" if the Supreme Court ordered lower courts to "back off" from extensive busing directives in metropolitan areas. He nonetheless still believes

that busing is an "important tool for breaking down some segregation."

**ABORTION.** "Abortion is a private matter which should be decided by a pregnant woman and her own doctor," McGovern has said. "Once the decision is made, I do not feel that the laws should stand in the way of its implementation."

In Nebraska last month, responding to accusations that he favors abortion, McGovern insisted that there must be regulating legislation: "You can't just let anybody walk in and request an abortion." More recently, he has submerged his personal beliefs about abortion, stating that it is an issue that each state must decide.

**DRUGS.** McGovern opposes the legalization of marijuana. He does, however, favor reducing the charge of possession from a felony to a misdemeanor punishable by fines and not prison sentences. As for hard drugs, he says that no penalty is too harsh in dealing with the "murderous, unprincipled" pushers.

On occasion he has tempered his current stand on marijuana by suggesting that, pending further research into its possible deleterious effects, a more promising approach might be to regulate the weed along the same lines as alcohol and tobacco.

McGOVERN DISCUSSING POLICE & DRUG PROBLEMS WITH NEW YORK CITY COPS



## CRIME

### Philip & Astrid & Etc.

Philip Baileya, 29, seemed the very model of a modern, upwardly mobile lawyer. In 1966, he was the Crescent Cities, Md., winner of the Speak Up for America contest sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. He graduated from Washington's Catholic University law school in 1969, and everybody got a good laugh when his classmates named him in the school's lampoon newspaper as the future attorney "most likely to be disbarred." He built a practice that earned him \$25,000 a year, most of it in government legal fees for defending the indigent.

Now Philip Baileya's world has collapsed. He stands indicted in U.S. district court on 22 counts of morals offenses, including prostitution procurement and violation of the Mann Act. The charges reportedly involve inducing into prostitution secretaries and office workers on Capitol Hill and one Government woman attorney (who was fired when the case broke).

**Blackmail.** Baileya's troubles grew out of his activities with Astrid Fling Flang, an old flame. While she was a student at the University of Maryland, Baileya brought her to his Washington apartment for drinks. Soon Baileya introduced the girl, whom he affectionately refers to as "old Fling Flang," to other men. His relationship with Astrid may have been part of a pattern extending over three years. Some women have testified that Baileya would take photographs of girls in the nude with whom he spent the night and then blackmail them into prostitution.

The Government brought charges after raiding Baileya's apartment in April on a complaint by Astrid, who had become disenchanted. FBI agents found 164 photographs of nude women known by Baileya, various sexual devices and four address books containing the names of 200 women. The Government claims that it has built its case on statements from eight women, some of whom have agreed to testify that, having seduced and photographed them, Baileya then threatened to show the pictures to their families and employers unless they worked for him as prostitutes.

For his part, Baileya categorically denies all charges and coolly defended his swinging style. The pictures? "Women get a thrill out of having their pictures taken in the nude. You take them up to your apartment, make love to them, take their picture, make love to them again. It sure as hell beats watching television. Any man in America has the First Amendment right to take pictures like that. Of course, that conflicts with the moral code of the Baptists on the grand jury." The sexual acconterments? "Hell, anybody who digs sex has stuff like that around his apartment."

As for the women involved, Baileya insists: "Those poor women. The only

thing they did wrong was to love me. Now the Government is going to destroy them and me. I am not guilty of running a prostitution ring. I may be guilty of fornication. Those Justice Department bureaucrats just don't understand my life-style, which is the lifestyle of half the people in America my age. The bureaucrats are astounded to hear that anyone could have intercourse on the first date. They can't believe that



ATTORNEY PHILIP BAILEY  
Beats watching television.

they're not still back in the 1940s. That's what the whole thing is about."

Undersued, Judge Charles Richer, after a closed-door session, ordered Baileya committed to St. Elizabeths Hospital for mental observation.

### Hoax's End

What began as a grand and intricate caper, a hoax of hoaxes hatched on a Spanish island, ended last week in two Manhattan courtrooms. Author Clifford Irving, his wife Edith and Researcher Richard Suskind were sentenced to jail terms for fabricating an autobiography of Howard Hughes and selling it to the McGraw-Hill Book Co. for \$750,000. In a federal court, Irving was given 30 months. Edith two months, with Edith going to jail first so that their two children will not be deprived of both parents at one time. Suskind, who helped with the research on the bogus manuscript, got six months in a state court. The trio has returned none of the money paid to them by McGraw-Hill, and are obligated to repay the \$766,000, which includes expenses, that the company says is owed them. In addition, each of the Irvings was fined \$10,000. Presumably Irving still intends to pay for his folly by writing a book about how the threesome did their nonbook. Thirty months should be plenty of time

### Where's Manny?

The continuing gang war between New York City's embattled Mafia clans has deteriorated from messy to just plain murky. The showdown began openly enough when reputed Mafia Chieftain Joe Colombo was gunned down last year at an outdoor rally for his Italian-American Civil Rights League. Then in April "Crazy Joe" Gallo, Colombo's archenemy, was assassinated in the relative privacy of a Little Italy clam house. Last month the nephew of Carlo Gambino, boss of the nation's strongest Mafia family and a Colombo ally, was kidnapped. Or was he?

The Gambino caper proved so perplexing that a special federal grand jury was impaneled last week to sort out the details. As pieced together by Justice Department officials, the case sounds like a chapter out of *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*. It seems that the missing nephew, Emmanuel ("Manny Boy") Gambino, 29, was not one of Uncle Carlo's favorites. Assigned as a loan shark, Manny doled out the better part of \$1,000,000 in Gambino family money to borrowers who were very tough in resisting his demands for repayment. Worse yet, a few months ago, Manny reportedly announced that he wanted to divorce his wife to marry a flashy blonde modeling student he had set up with an apartment and a new Cadillac. The Mafiosi were aghast. For one thing, divorce suits often expose embarrassing financial arrangements. For another, jilted wives have a way of blabbing their troubles. Don Carlo's decision was final: paramour yes, divorce no. On May 18 Manny vanished.

**Sleep.** The next day a man telephoned Don Carlo's home and said that Manny had been kidnapped and was being held for a \$350,000 ransom. Following instructions, Gambino sent his men racing off to a phone booth in New Jersey, but they somehow lost their way and arrived too late to receive another message. Four days later the deal was renegotiated: Don Carlo claimed that \$350,000 was steep and wondered if the kidnappers would be satisfied with \$60,000. After a day of haggling, the abductors agreed. The FBI, which had got wind of the goings-on, then interceded. Undaunted, Don Carlo boldly argued, with some logic, that the Government provide the ransom because he might be accused of gyping the Internal Revenue Service if he came up with such a large sum. The FBI refused, and on May 25, Don Carlo's men tossed the \$60,000 into a gully along a New Jersey highway. Manny, however, never materialized.

A few days later the FBI traced an abandoned rented truck believed to have been used in the plot to Robert Sentner, a New Jersey souvenir manufacturer. Sentner is a high-rolling gambler who just happened to be in hock to Manny Gambino for \$40,000. As the FBI focused its investigation on Sentner,

**"Afternoon Off"**

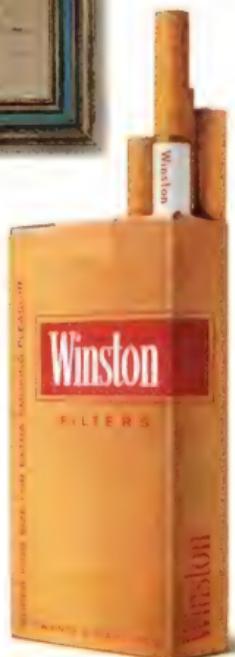


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## THE NATION

Manny's blood-stained car was found abandoned at Newark Airport, and it was assumed that he had been killed by his abductors. Conducting their own investigation, the Gambinos were also hot on Sentner's trail. After two men riding in a black Cadillac raked his home with shotgun blasts two weeks ago, the terrified Sentner went to the Government with a bizarre tale.

The kidnaping, he confessed, was a hoax engineered by Manny, who hoped to bilk Uncle Carlo out of the ransom so that he could run off with his blonde girl friend. Sentner said that he assisted Manny in return for having his \$40,000 debt erased from the Gambino books. Sentner, who enlisted four friends for the job, claims that Manny was alive when he last saw him but that he has no idea of his whereabouts. Manny's girl friend, who has secluded herself in her apartment, says, "If Manny ran off, it certainly wasn't with me." "We've got to find out what happened to Manny," one Justice Department official explained last week, "before we charge anybody with committing a crime, whether it's murder or flimflamming the Gambinos out of \$60,000."

## DISASTERS

### In Time of Need

Perhaps it was because it happened out there in the sparsely populated range country, where the frontier spirit lingers and distance, paradoxically, draws people together. Whatever the reason, something remarkable has taken place in Rapid City, S. Dak., since the Black Hills town of 44,000 was devastated by flash floods. In the disaster caused by torrential rains and the collapse of Canyon Lake Dam, more than 200 died, another 500 remained missing and some 1,000 houses were destroyed. The damage passed \$100 million.

The ravaged town's needs were tremendous. About 80 blocks of paving had been ripped up by the flood, mud covered a fifth of the city, drinking water was polluted, telephones and electricity were out and thousands were homeless, hungry or in need of clothing. The search for bodies was difficult. Rescue workers expect to find bodies as far away as 50 miles downstream from Rapid City. Others may never be discovered. Flying over the scene last week, TIME Correspondent William Friedman saw stranded victims waving scarves, stones placed to spell out S.O.S. white sheets stretched to form huge Xs on the ground.

But massive help arrived swiftly, as much from individuals responding spontaneously to the crisis as from relief agencies. "We all live so far apart that we have to rely on each other to get along," explained Pat Dixon, a Rapid City banker. Leland Thayer and his 13-year-old son Gary drove all night from Gillette, Wyo., so their radio-



FLOOD SURVIVORS GETTING FRESH DRINKING WATER FROM RELIEF TRUCK

equipped truck could be used in the rescue effort. Coming even farther from the east, a Huron man who refused to give his name ("the credit should go to the whole town") sped through the night to deliver a truckload of clothing. A chicken farmer donated his 16,000 birds to help feed the city. From up to 250 miles away, farmers with wells carried tanks of water to the town. Charles Russell, a volunteer fireman from Mud Butte, S. Dak., repeatedly drove a water-filled fire truck from Sturgis into Rapid City. "I've seen every kind of container ever made," he said of the various means that residents used to take the water home, "even little kids' potties."

After working for more than 40 hours in charge of an aid station at the city's Central High School, Mrs. Jean Gatch wept at the donation of clothing from an Indian woman, who explained that the garments had belonged to the baby she had lost in the flood. Harold Pirnes, a Rapid City post office employee, and his wife returned from a vacation in North Carolina driving nonstop for 26 hours, to get back and help.

The town of Belle Fourche, S. Dak., donated 20,000 pounds of beef that was about to be barbecued as part of a civic celebration. At least 50 construction companies dispatched crews and heavy equipment to help clear away the debris. An all-night radio marathon in Sioux Falls, S. Dak., raised \$25,000. The Boeing Airplane Co., which has construction under way at nearby missile sites, gave \$10,000, and Boeing employees donated \$50,000. About 50 morticians from up to 100 miles away worked together on the grim task of preparing bodies for burial. The First National Bank of the Black Hills's computer was used to coordinate the names of the dead and missing, and to eliminate duplicates.

The 50 members of a Red Cross disaster task force helped the homeless families find housing, dispatched food by horseback to volunteers working on threatened dams in the hills, and scouted campsites where some 4,000 people had been vacationing. The Salvation Army set up three food lines to serve more than 10,000 meals a day. Some



CHECKING LIST OF MISSING PERSONS  
New human bonds.

2,500 South Dakota National Guardsmen pitched into the rescue and cleanup operation. Airmen from Ellsworth Air Force Base directed traffic and drove emergency vehicles. Boy Scouts helped clean the main streets, picking up litter. The entire staff of South Dakota Governor Richard Kneip moved into the city to help Indian tribes from as far away as California contributed aid to residents of Rapid City's Red ghetto along the Rapid Creek. The Mennonites dispatched a special disaster team.

There was only one discordant note as much of the nation's northern plains area expressed its concern for the stricken community by lending highly practical aid. A controversy developed over two cloud-seeding experiments conducted by researchers at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology just before some ten inches of rain fell in four hours. Governor Kneip ordered an investigation into whether these tests might have contributed to the flooding, although most experts blamed the downpour on unusual atmospheric conditions. But to a gratifying degree, the people of Rapid City and their neighbors forged new human bonds in a time of great need. "It's amazing how this brought people together," observed Mrs. Virginia Tanner, who took in a widowed mother's family of seven even though her house was already filled by her own family of five.

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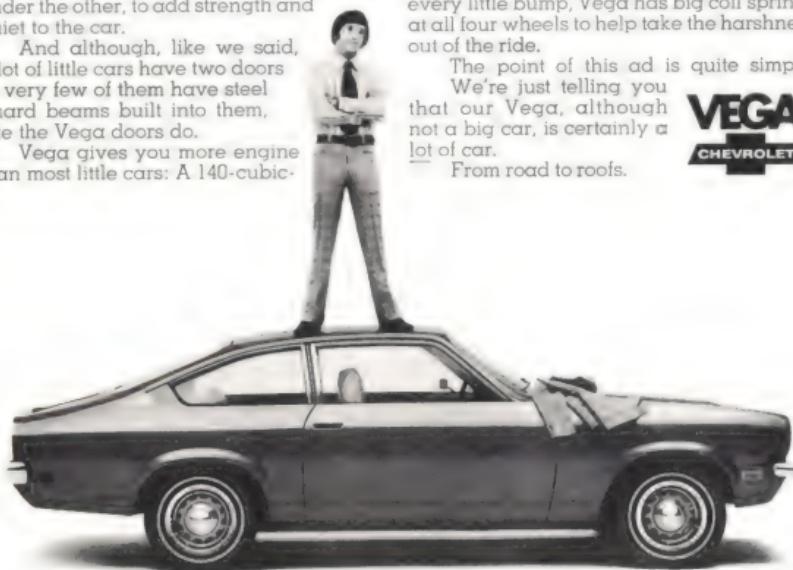
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## THE WORLD

### THE WAR

## A Record of Sheer Endurance

The South Vietnamese city of *An Loc*, a provincial capital only 60 miles north of Saigon, has been under siege almost since the North Vietnamese offensive began on March 30. Surrounded by three Communist divisions, *An Loc* has been shelled daily in the heaviest artillery barrage of the entire Indochina war. It has also endured repeated ground assaults by North Vietnamese troops and tanks and incessant air attacks by U.S. fighter-bombers, gunships and B-52s on the city and its outskirts. A South Vietnamese relief column has remained stalled for two months by enemy gunfire along Highway 13 to the south.

The siege of *An Loc* had not yet been broken at week's end, but airborne troops had managed to reach the city, which—through allied airpower and the sheer endurance of its Vietnamese defenders—had held out even longer than *Dien Bien Phu*. TIME Correspondent Rudolph Rauch and Photographer Le Minh managed to enter the city last week by helicopter. Rauch was one of the first two American correspondents to reach *An Loc* since the siege began. He sent this report:

HERE are perhaps six buildings left in the town, none with a solid roof. There is no running water or electricity. Every street is shattered by artillery craters and littered with the detritus of a battle that saw a bit of every kind of war. Everywhere you walk you hear the crackle of shifting shell fragments when you put your foot down. There are not more than half a dozen vehicles left that still function, and when I arrived, only one of those, a Jeep, had all four tires. All the others move

fast enough, given the condition of the streets, on their wheel rims, and it is a common sight to see seven or eight Vietnamese lurching through the town in a jeep without tires.

There were 30,000 civilians in *An Loc* two months ago. Now there are 2,000. Except for an estimated 1,000 who were killed by the Communist shelling, all the others have left. Thousands of refugees have fled down Highway 13, braving enemy mortar fire. Those who remain are huddled under a ridge to the east of the city in a village called *Phu Duc*. There are no gun positions in *Phu Duc*, no targets of military significance. Yet since fighting died down in the city itself at the beginning of June, an increasing percentage of the artillery shells poured into the city have been aimed at *Phu Duc*.

**Fine Porcelain.** The provincial hospital was evacuated May 8, after it was mortared, perhaps accidentally, and 30 civilians who had crowded into it for sanctuary were killed. Since then, wounded civilians have been cared for in a pagoda in *Phu Duc*. There are no beds and few mats; most patients lie on the dirt floor or on bundles of rags. A child died of lockjaw because of a shortage of tetanus serum. Her body lies twisted like a snake under a shroud of rags. Two feet away an old woman is dying of malnutrition. She had stayed in her bunker for well over a month, switching from boiled rice to rice soup as her reserves dwindled, then to anything edible. She is the color of fine porcelain, and the flies are all over her face.

The province chief, Colonel Tran Van Nhut, has managed to set up a system of rice rationing. Bags of rice are handed across a wire fence to those who

can come to get them. When a wizened man with a stump of a leg hobbles up, he cannot quite negotiate his crutch and his rice. He collapses in a heap, trying to figure out some way of fastening his ration to his loincloth.

The military casualties are, if possible, even more pitiful than the civilians. Their primary hospital is now a bunker. Some men have been there for as long as a month, with more lightly wounded comrades cooking for them over smoky wood fires on the bunker steps. There is no sterilization for instruments, and there is a shortage of catgut. Dr. Nguyen Van Quy, who performed 200 operations in two months, has taken to using thread from sandbags for sutures.

*An Loc* has withheld a battering given to no other city in this war. The worst day was May 11, when an estimated 7,000 rounds of artillery, mortar and rocket fire hit an area that can easily be walked across in ten minutes. Said one U.S. adviser: "Those were days when healthy men were taking antidiarrhea tablets to keep from having to go outside. Nature's calls seemed a lot easier to resist."

American and Vietnamese aircraft kept up a continuous bombardment throughout the three days I was in *An Loc*. Every sort of aerial weaponry was used: Gatling guns, CBU attacks, conventional bombs and finally, two hours before sunset on Thursday, a B-52 strike 900 meters to the northwest against a Communist tank concentration. But the guns keep moving, and rounds keep coming in. Right now, the situation in *An Loc* is considered calm, despite the unnerving intrusion of an average of 200 rounds a day.

The Vietnamese airmen whose job it is to fly out the wounded are remarkably unwilling to come into the stretch of Highway 13 that now serves as a landing strip. To confuse enemy gunners who have the strip zeroed in,

chopper pilots can land almost anywhere in a stretch of road two kilometers long. In theory, the landing zone for each mission should be selected so as to allow the wounded to be on hand near by. But that never happens. Instead, the Vietnamese choppers come streaking in low along the highway, and hover two or three feet above the ground while any soldiers aboard jump off; only the less seriously wounded have a chance to jump on. Time after time, litter patients who have waited for hours in a sun of close to 100° are hoisted to the shoulders of their buddies. But then the chopper will zoom down, hover for ten seconds, and take off again,

leaving the wounded with a new layer of the red Binh Long dirt in their wounds and another two hours to wait.

Had it fallen, An Loc would have been an important victory for the North Vietnamese. That it did not fall is a tribute to American airpower and to the fierce determination of its Vietnamese defenders and their American advisers. It is no credit at all to the ARVN column that remained pinned down for two months on Highway 13 by vastly smaller enemy forces—or to the South Vietnamese units within the city that engaged in open firefights in order to capture airdropped rations from each other. The important fact is that the city

held. "The only way to approach the battle of An Loc is to remember that the ARVN are there and the North Vietnamese aren't," says an American adviser. "To view it any other way is to do an injustice to the Vietnamese people."

But for the foreseeable future, An Loc is dead—as dead as the hundreds of North Vietnamese who were caught in the city's northern edge by U.S. bombing, and whose putrefaction makes breathing in An Loc so difficult when the afternoon breeze comes up. Perhaps the best that can be said is that the city died bravely, and that—in a year that included the fall of Quang Tri and Tan Canh—is no small achievement.

## The Refugees: Journey Without End

**T**HE refugees who escaped from An Loc last week were the latest to join a swelling multitude of refugees who have fled from every region of South Viet Nam where North Vietnamese and Viet Cong units have been faced off against South Vietnamese soldiers and U.S. air power. Some 500,000 people have been displaced from the northern region occupied by the Communists, and the tide of refugees is still rising in the Mekong Delta provinces in the south. Since the North Vietnamese offensive began in late March, an estimated 1,500,000 civilians have been driven and burned from their homes and condemned to live in camps or in the putrid shantytowns that surround every city in South Viet Nam.

The biggest crush came in Danang, which swelled to nearly twice its normal population of 400,000 with refugees from the northern provinces after the fall of Quang Tri May 1. Fragments of families fill schools, pagodas, churches and old U.S. military barracks. Though the government distributes rice, there is never enough to eat, and women can be seen selling penny candy, gum, flashlight batteries, salt—anything to turn a small profit to fill out the spartan diet. When the bread trucks come, covered with flies, young boys sneak up, reach in and steal an extra loaf for their families.

Life in the government-run refugee camps located nearer Saigon is little better. The An Loc camp, on a barren plain 30 miles east of the capital, has more facilities than most because it is easily supplied from Saigon and the government has tried to make the camp a showcase for its refugee program. An Loc also benefits from volunteer doctors, nurses and students who have pitched in to help. But for the 13,000 refugees who live there, it would be hard to find a more dismal way-stop on a journey seemingly without end. The

camp is filled to four times its capacity; when no more people could possibly be crammed into the 30 dormitory-style buildings, the government set up 150 army tents. The canvas tents have no plumbing, and the floors are bare earth. The tents also leak. Now that the monsoon rains have come, inhabitants have all they can do to keep dry.

Most of the refugees, who by and large are apolitical, are simply trying to get out of the way of the war. They are fleeing American air strikes as much as North Vietnamese shelling, since territory occupied by the North Vietnamese has been subject to saturation bombing. Families with relatives in the South Vietnamese army are especially fearful; they have been told by the Saigon government that the Communist troops will take revenge on them.

Though there are 500,000 "officially registered" refugees in government camps, the actual number is far higher, since many simply settle in with relatives or friends.

Senator Edward Kennedy's Judiciary Subcommittee on Refugees estimated last year that some 5,000,000 people had been displaced at one time or another since 1965. Now the latest wave of refugees has created a host of new worries for Saigon, which has been forced to look for more funds at a time when U.S. aid has been cut back. The regime recently announced a new emergency three-phase program to care for the refugees. But by the government's own estimate, it will

be able to provide only about \$2 worth of food, medical supplies and living quarters for each of the 60,000 poorest refugees added to the lists since the current offensive began.

In some ways, of course, those who have been able to escape the fighting are the lucky ones. In

long-threatened Kontum, 10,000 Montagnard tribesmen were reported trapped last week after the Saigon government ordered evacuation stopped. The ethnic mountain people have long been victims of racial hatred by the Vietnamese and official policy has been to evacuate them last—if at all.



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Steel against Polysteel. Photo taken from TV commercial showing a full-size '72 Dodge Monaco, with Custom Power Cushion Polysteel tires, running up and over hardened steel drill bits.

# STEEL AGAINST POLYSTEEL

## CUSTOM POWER CUSHION POLYSTEEL TIRE

Early this Spring, in a parking lot in Los Angeles, onlookers watched the filming of a Polysteel tire demonstration.

Forty carbon steel drill bits, size 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ " were anchored in a fixed position, points-up, in pairs, in a special channel iron rig.



A 4,200 lb. car, with a 160 lb. driver, equipped with new Goodyear Custom Power Cushion Polysteel tires, was driven over the drill bits, at a tortuously slow speed of 1 to 5 miles an hour — so that the sharp drill bits could push deeply into the treads.

Two Polysteel tires — the left front and left rear — suffered this punishment for 14 separate runs over the bits. The Polysteel tires, with their treads cut and gouged, did not lose air.

After the filming, the Polysteel tires were returned to Goodyear in Akron for engineering analysis. This set of tires was then sent to the Goodyear test track in San Angelo, Texas, and run for 100 miles at 70 m.p.h. Even after the test the tires showed no loss of air.

The test was satisfactory. The film was edited into 60 and 30 second commercials and broadcast on national television.

Here are comments from some of the onlookers:



Lela B. Jacoby: "I've always wondered whether these commercials were really for real. And it's nice to be able to know that it is for real, and it's a remarkable, incredible test of a tire's endurance."



Sherman Monahan: "When I saw it, I thought it was some kind of a put-on, until I went up and felt the thing. They've got to be some pretty good tires."



Jill Andrews: "I couldn't believe it. How come the tires didn't pop?"

The reason these Polysteel tires could take such punishment is under the tread. Two steel cord belts run circumferentially around the tire. The drill bits gouged the tread, but did not penetrate the belts.

This combination of steel cord belts and polyester cord body gives the Custom Power Cushion Polysteel tire protection against penetration in the tread area, a resilient, smooth ride, and, long wear. Polysteel tires are made only by Goodyear.



For additional facts on how Goodyear Polysteel tires performed on this and other torture demonstrations, write Goodyear, Dept. 791A, Akron, Ohio 44316.

# GOOD YEAR

Polysteel, Custom Power Cushion—T.M.'s

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**Before**

**After**

The pot on the left has the remains of an omelette.

The unretouched picture on the right is the same pot after it has been scrubbed with the brushless water action of one of our six Potscrubber dishwashers with Power Scrub® Cycle. Nothing else was done to this pot. No pre-scraping. No rinsing. We washed it along with a load of other dirty dishes, glasses and silverware.

You'll get the same results as we have if you'll follow our simple loading diagrams for different sizes and types of loads. Instructions

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That's why we can give this guarantee:

"Buy any one of our six Potscrubber® dishwashers with a Power Scrub Cycle from a participating GE dealer before Sept. 30, 1972. If you're not fully satisfied with its performance (and you'll be the judge), notify the dealer within 30 days of your purchase. He'll take back the dishwasher and refund your money. No questions asked."

In addition to



## GENERAL ELECTRIC

pots and pans you can also safely wash fine china and crystal.

We make a line of Potscrubber models to fit into a lot of different kitchens. Three built-ins. Three front-load convertibles, portable now, can be built in later.

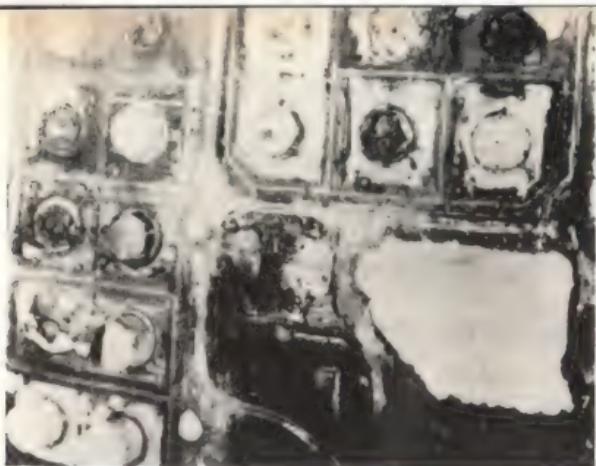
We also have a quality feature just as dependable as our Potscrubber.

Customer Care Service Everywhere. This is our pledge that wherever you are, or go, you'll find an authorized General Electric serviceman nearby. Should you ever need him.

*These are probably some of the reasons why more people use GE dishwashers than any others.*



\*Our Potscrubber dishwashers with Power Scrub Cycle are models SC or S1R50N, SC or S1R60N, SC or S1M60N.



AERIAL VIEW SHOWING DAMAGE TO PETROLEUM STORAGE TANKS NEAR HANOI

## Effects of the Bombing

For ten weeks, U.S. Air Force and Navy bombers have pounded North Viet Nam with unprecedented fury, using a new technology of "smart" bombs guided by television or laser beams to destroy bridges, power plants and factories. The U.S. purpose, according to Lieut. General George Eade, Air Force Deputy Chief of Staff for Plans and Operations, has been threefold: to prevent new supplies from reaching North Viet Nam from the Soviet Union or China, to destroy supplies already on hand and to prevent additional ones from reaching the North Vietnamese forces in the South.

What has been the effect of such concentrated bombing? By the evidence of aerial photographs, the physical damage to North Vietnamese industry and transportation has been immense. General Eade judges that "we have very nearly stopped rail traffic from the North." Hanoi has lost about 60% of its meager industrial capacity and most of its electrical power stations. All of the country's rail lines and most of its main bridges have been knocked out. On one day alone last week, American planes flew 340 strikes and damaged ten bridges and a pontoon factory; next day they went back and destroyed another 14 bridges.

The raids have obviously hurt North Viet Nam's ability to make war and, on the evidence of the slowed offensive in the South, may have accomplished Washington's immediate objective of severely impairing delivery of supplies—though U.S. intelligence has been fooled on that score more than once before. Le Duc Tho, Hanoi's chief negotiator at the Paris peace talks, recently conceded, in a definite understatement, that "Mr. Nixon's actions of intensifying the war naturally cause certain difficulties and losses to the North Viet-

namese people." More surprisingly, North Viet Nam's official party newspaper *Nhan Dan* recently admitted quite openly that the bombing had caused "very serious economic problems."

The question is: How serious? There is no sign that the raids have eroded popular willingness to support the battle in the South—any more than did the bombings of 1965-68. One of the lessons of the Viet Nam War is that a basically agricultural economy such as North Viet Nam's is far more resilient than an industrialized one. Rail lines can be cut, but bombing roads is not so effective. Trucks can always drive around craters, and there has been a marked increase of truck traffic in the North—perhaps at the expense of transportation of supplies to troops in the South. Swedish journalists who have visited North Viet Nam report that the country has numerous small diesel generators to make up for the loss of power plants. One State Department expert has calculated that there are 22 ways to get supplies across a bridgeless river—from small boats to flotation collars to pontoon bridges.

Still, in the latest offensive, North Vietnamese tanks and trucks relied heavily on the POL (petroleum, oil and lubricants) that U.S. planes have been concentrating on in their attacks. The final returns will not be in until the dry season returns to South Viet Nam in the fall and the North Vietnamese either launch a second round to their offensive or are visibly unable to do so. Hanoi's Central Committee and Politburo are known to have recently debated how they should react to the raids, though whatever decision they reached, if any, has not been revealed. Russia and China are continuing to send supplies, but at a much reduced level; both regard the invasion as a costly mistake that gave Washington occasion to unleash the bombers.

## NORTHERN IRELAND

### Hints of Peace

Britain's proconsul for Northern Ireland, William Whitelaw, has had to tread a delicate line between the contending Catholic and Protestant communities during his three months in office—and never more so than last week. First, he had to deal with the rising militancy of the Protestant Ulster Defense Association; then he had to strike just the right note in his response to the latest peace feelers from the Irish Republican Army. Out of it all came the best, if still tenuous hopes for peace that troubled Ulster has had in many months.

Whitelaw's first test came when leaders of the paramilitary U.D.A., wearing masks to hide their identity, delivered an ultimatum: either he invaded the I.R.A. sanctuaries in Londonderry's barricaded "no-go" areas, or they would turn Belfast into a massive no-go area of their own.

**Tough Line.** While Whitelaw dealt with the U.D.A., an unexpected opening came from the other side. Whitelaw had previously released more than half of the Catholic men interned without trial last summer, and ordered the British army to adopt a lower profile in the Catholic ghettos. Now, many of Ulster's Catholics had begun to sign peace petitions, and the I.R.A. was losing support. Last week the Provisionals' fugitive chief of staff, Sean MacStiofain, called reporters to a rendezvous behind the Londonderry barricades. If Whitelaw would agree within 48 hours to meet the I.R.A. to discuss their peace terms, he said, the I.R.A. would declare a seven-day bombing halt. Bluntly, Whitelaw refused to respond to "an ultimatum from terrorists."

Whitelaw's tough line with the I.R.A. helped him in talking down the U.D.A. A masked U.D.A. spokesman announced that the U.D.A. was holding off on action for 14 days "to give Whitelaw and the minority a chance." Meanwhile moderate Catholic M.P.s of the opposition Social Democratic and Labor Party said that they were now ready to break their own boycott on talking to Whitelaw.

Encouraged, Whitelaw announced that Britain would push ahead with local elections this fall under a system favoring the moderate center. Also, he would open "talks about talks" leading to a July conference of all shades of Ulster opinion—except the gunmen.

Although both the I.R.A. and the U.D.A. were clearly under pressure from the peacemakers, there was still the chance of sectarian conflict erupting again. But meanwhile, British officials pondered ways of negotiating an end to the no-go barricades. Whitelaw was as usual unabashed to express his confidence. As he said last week, quoting an Irishman: "There are more ways of killing a pig than cutting its throat."

## EUROPE

**Calling France's Bluff**

French President Georges Pompidou last week learned to his embarrassment that Europe has outgrown the era of Charles de Gaulle. Frustrated by the "unrealistic dreams" of his fellow Europeans—that is, their desire to tiptoe toward supranationalism by strengthening existing Common Market institutions—Pompidou fell back on De Gaulle's favorite tactic of obstruction. He threatened to postpone the first summit of the expanded ten-nation EEC scheduled for Oct. 19-20 in Paris. Not long ago the threat would have sent neighboring statesmen scurrying for a compromise, but the general reaction from most West European capitals last

role for himself and his country within the expanded European community. As he sees it, France should assume its "proper place" as the political nerve center of the Common Market: London will become the financial center; Brussels is to remain the capital for "bread and butter" EEC problems like agriculture and tariffs; and West Germany will continue to be the Community's industrial heartland, with some vague status as commercial gateway to Eastern Europe. The other six nations will play "important roles" that are yet to be defined.

A key feature in this scheme is that Pompidou would preside over the political affairs of Western Europe like a benevolent Gaullist godfather, holding the Community's lesser leaders firmly in line. Though French diplomats have explained the Pompidou plan with extraordinary reserve and caution, other European countries have been less reserved in rejecting it. "The French have always thought we should go to hell," said a Dutch official in The Hague, "and this is typical of their reasoning." Snapped a German diplomat: "It is absolutely absurd to think that one nation in the Community should be assigned to make shoe soles while the other makes politics."

Undaunted, the French have been pushing Phase I of their grand design, the establishment in Paris of a Common Market secretariat to deal with Western Europe's political future. The decision was to be sealed at the summit. Now, faced with such widespread opposition, the French may well decide to postpone the summit until early 1973, hoping thereby to gain time and more favor with the British and the Germans.

**Sour Share.** Yet Pompidou would do so only at considerable domestic risk: things have not been going well for him lately. Members of his government have been linked to scandals involving taxes, insurance and real estate. His planned triumphant referendum on enlarging the Common Market flopped badly in April, when only 36% of the voters bothered to vote yes. Last week he was enduring a storm of protest for pardoning a former French fascist who had been convicted of murdering Resistance leaders during World War II (see following story). Pompidou can ill afford another setback, especially with French elections scheduled by next March. The idea of a summit conference was Pompidou's in the first place. If things go sour, he will have to share the blame.

Lost in all the bickering, unfortunately, are a number of pressing issues that require prompt and united European action. The Community desperately needs a coordinated position on monetary and economic policy, as well as a political consensus on the impending European security conference and the quickly shifting relationship between East and West.



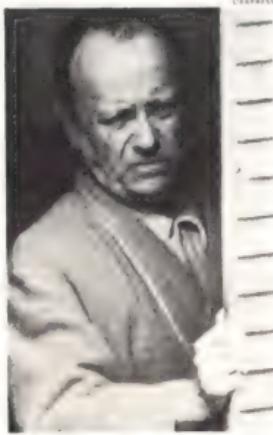
FRENCH PRESIDENT GEORGES POMPIDOU  
Unrealistic dreams.

week was: Go ahead and postpone it. "Pompidou told us it was going to be his conference or no conference," said Belgian Foreign Minister Pierre Harmel. Under those conditions, Harmel added, the Belgians would just as soon stay home. "Pompidou is bluffing," said a Dutch Foreign Ministry official. "All right, let's cancel it for the time being." The West Germans, facing the possibility of a general election this fall, are no longer keen about having the summit at the same time. The British, who were initially enthusiastic about the conference, have been disenchanted by Pompidou's maneuvers. Though French officials now say that their President's threat was not meant to be taken literally, the other nine remain unimpressed.

Pompidou might have provoked greater concern were his motives not so transparent, reports TIME's William Rademakers from Paris. Pompidou is trying to carve out a new and dramatic

**Hangmen of Lyon**

Is there a double standard for war criminals? Frenchmen were asking themselves that question last week after revelation of the very different attitude that President Georges Pompidou has taken toward two such criminals, one German and one French. The German is Klaus Barbie, who was Gestapo chief in Lyon during World War II, and is living in Bolivia under the name Klaus Altmann (TIME, Feb. 14). Pompidou has been publicly and energetically demanding Altmann's extradition to France. Now the weekly *L'Express* has revealed that Pompidou, against the advice of his Minister of Justice, last November secretly granted a full pardon to another Lyon war criminal, a Frenchman named Paul Touvier.

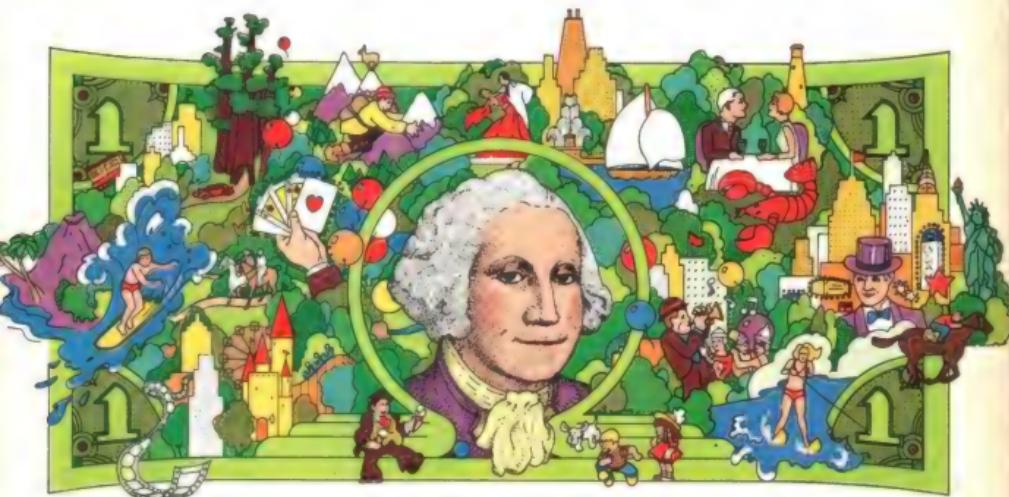


EX-FASCIST TOUVIER IN CHAMBERY  
Crimes only God can pardon.

Touvier, now 57, was a fascist in prewar France who later headed the regional militia under the Vichy regime. According to testimony at his postwar trial, he aided the Gestapo in hunting down Resistance fighters and Jews. He personally commanded an execution squad in an operation against partisans. Once, as a reprisal for the killing of a Vichy Minister of Propaganda, Philippe Henriot, Touvier took seven Jewish shopkeepers as hostages and had them shot.

After the war, Touvier was twice sentenced to death in *absentia* by French courts. He took refuge in French monasteries and convents for 20 years, until the statute of limitations on his crimes expired in 1967. Touvier had a powerful protector in Monsignor Charles Duquaire, a French prelate with influence in both Paris and the Vatican. Duquaire waged a ten-year campaign to gain Touvier a full presidential pardon, which General Charles de

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Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine;  
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. 71

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That  
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous To Your Health

Gaulle refused on two occasions to grant. Last year Touvier persuaded Catholic philosopher Gabriel Marcel to write to Pompidou on his behalf. "He gave me a sweetened-up version of his activities during the Occupation, and I was weak enough to believe him," Marcel explains today. When he learned the truth about Touvier, Marcel asked Pompidou to return his letter. "There are crimes that only God can pardon," Marcel now says.

But Pompidou was persuaded to grant Touvier a presidential pardon, which allowed him to return to his home on Chemin des Charmettes in Chambéry, near Lyon, and to regain possession of his confiscated property—much of it booty plundered or extorted from wealthy Jews during the war.

Touvier's pardon has especially infuriated veterans of the Resistance movement. The French League against Racism and Anti-Semitism has warned: "In no case will we permit Touvier to walk freely around the streets of Lyon." Touvier obviously takes these threats seriously: he is staying out of sight. Commenting on Touvier's pardon and the memoirs of a Gestapo agent in France, written by Barbie, purchased for \$36,000 and published by *France-Soir*, Resistance Hero Marcel Rivière remarked: "The hangmen of Lyon are prospering this year, aren't they?"

## BURUNDI

### Double Genocide

The civil war in the tiny central African republic of Burundi ended more than a month ago, but the systematic murder of the Hutu tribesmen, who account for 85% of the country's 4,000,000 people, continues. In a sense, it is double genocide: the approximately 2,000 Hutu rebels who briefly proclaimed an independent republic a month ago had set out to murder their overlords of the Tutsi tribe. The Tutsi-dominated army quickly put down the revolt (TIME, May 22). Ever since, it has been attempting to destroy the Hutu to such an extent that they may never rise again. "The Tutsi fear has always been the same—to smash the Hutu or die," explains a foreign missionary. "But it has never been so manifest before."

The primary targets of the government's continuing "pacification drive" are the Hutu "elite"—meaning not merely the five Hutu cabinet ministers who were summarily executed at the beginning of the rebellion but practically anybody who can write his own name or afford a hut with a corrugated-iron roof instead of a thatched one. At one school, 140 Hutu boys and girls were shot or hacked to death by soldiers. Though the rate of killings had diminished by last week, troops were still descending on isolated villages at night and murdering the local leaders. Writes TIME Reporter David Martin, who re-

turned from a four-day tour of Burundi last week: "The cowed, fatalistic Hutu continue to expect to be taken away and put to death. They seem to await their fate passively, as did the Jews in Nazi Germany."

Though the government of President Michel Micombero claims that the majority of the country's victims have been Tutsi, most foreign observers in Juba believe the Tutsi dead number no more than 5,000 out of a total now estimated at perhaps 80,000. With their devastating pogrom, the Tutsi overlords have unquestionably bought themselves a few more years in power, but at a terrible price.

## SUDAN

### Tom-Toms of Peace

Civil wars and chronic conflicts bedevil the world from Burundi to Northern Ireland to the Middle East and Viet Nam. But one civil war that has recently been settled was the 17-year struggle in Sudan between the 4,000,000 blacks of the south and the 11 million northerners, mostly Arabs. Three months ago, the leaders of the two sides—Major General Jaafar Numeiry, President of the Sudan, and Major General Joseph Lagu, commander of the southern guerrillas—met in Addis Ababa, capital of neighboring Ethiopia, and signed a compromise settlement negotiated with the help of U.N. refugee organizations.

Even after the Addis Ababa treaty, the tense and war-ravaged southern Sudan was closed to journalists. Last week TIME's Robert Kroon was among the first Western newsmen in several years to visit Juba, the southern administrative post 1,000 miles from Khartoum, and the surrounding swamp and bush country, where vultures circle over deserted villages. His report:

Reconciliation is in the air, like the life-giving rains that signal the start of the wet season. The main street of Juba (pop. 130,000, swelled by refugees), a potholed red-dirt track, has been renamed "Unity Avenue." Overhead, banners in Arabic and English proclaim NORTH AND SOUTH GO HAND IN HAND. Ebony-skinned southerners sip Turkish coffee amiably with lighter-skinned Arab officials. Outside the cities, some of the 25,000 guerrillas, or Anyanya (named for a poison derived from the ground-up head of a cobra), have been drawn out of the bush by tom-toms announcing the peace, but they hold on to their weapons, an assortment of Russian hand grenades, British rifles and Czech machine pistols.

At the heavily guarded federal military headquarters, an Arab, Major General Fathalla Hamid, and Anyanya Leader Lagu pored over a sprawling map of Sudan's three southern provinces, discussing how to restore normality to the area for the first time since Su-

dan gained independence in 1956. Hamid, in the same house, will file and tour the country, talking to Anyanya.

They have also scapegoat for their past. insists that the British, not Sudanese, were originally to blame for the civil war. "They deliberately us backward. They should have drawn a clear-cut line in the Sudan, either divide the country or unify it. They did neither, and we paid the price. But now the Sudan is finally going to work."

Some southerners are still wary of the new-found peace. Said Captain Khal Maror, a Dinka tribesman from Bahr El Ghazal province: "We don't trust those northerners yet. But we must live together. We are not brothers, but we

ARES-BENZAKIN



ANYANYA SOLDIERS IN SOUTHERN SUDAN  
Wary of a new-found peace.

can negotiate. We hear that the Russians and the Americans negotiate together, but do they trust each other? Still, it's better than war."

The south will be ruled by an autonomous regional council of eleven ministers, and the Premier will be Abdel Alier, 39, a lawyer who holds the post of Vice President in Numeiry's central government. Southern Sudanese, many of whom are Christians, particularly fear that the Arabs in Khartoum will submit to the influence of Egypt. Alier thinks that Numeiry has recently earned high marks for turning away pan-Arabist pressure and for seeking friendship with the Sudan's black neighbors. "The central government is opening Sudan's windows on the world for the first time since independence," said Alier. "We are finally on a new, independent national course."

# Micronational Notes

Spreading Sunshine?

When members of the nine-nation Asian and Pacific Council (AS PAC)\* gathered in Seoul last week, no one needed to remind them that their organization was rapidly becoming outdated. When AS PAC was formed in 1966, Washington had hailed it as a bulwark of anti-Communist solidarity in Asia. In the wake of President Nixon's trip to Peking, however, many of AS PAC's members are now going to some lengths to play down that anti-Communist line in the hope of improving their own relations with China.

Malaysia's delegate pointedly arrived for the two-day meeting a full day late. Japan carefully explained that it had accepted only because it did not want to offend its South Korean hosts. Australia sent its Minister for Primary Industry as a way of showing its desire to de-emphasize AS PAC's political aspects. Like several members, Australia would like to establish full relations with Peking, and participation in a politically oriented organization that includes Taiwan hardly helps.

The most striking change was that shown by South Korea, long among the most ardent of cold warriors. President Chung Hee Park declared that members should transcend differences in ideology "in order to spread the sunshine of peace throughout the region." Whether all the flowery rhetoric will be enough to give AS PAC a viable future, however, remains to be seen.

## Blunt Words from Mexico

President Richard Nixon first invited Luis Echeverria, the President of Mexico, to visit Washington back in 1970, but not until this spring was the trip firmly scheduled. Echeverria's countrymen interpreted the delay as just one more sign that Latin America ranks disgracefully low on Washington's scale of priorities. The Mexicans were doubly miffed last December when Nixon described Brazil, a military dictatorship but economically booming, as a model for Latin America. When the White House let it be known that Nixon would give Echeverria some moon rocks on his visit to the U.S. last week, Mexico City's *Excelsior* sniffed that a few rocks were hardly a substitute for a discussion of "grave problems, old and new."

Last week's visit did not begin well. The signing of a U.S.-Mexican agreement to try to eradicate the screwworm—which ravages cattle on both sides of the border—had to be delayed because U.S. Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz was out of town. More important, Washington seemed disinclined to honor its promise to halt the dumping of salt into the Colorado River, which

\*South Korea, Taiwan, Japan, the Philippines, Malaya, Thailand, South Viet Nam, Australia and New Zealand



RICHARD NIXON GREETING MEXICO'S PRESIDENT ECHEVERRIA AT WHITE HOUSE

Time for more than champagne and banquets.

leaves much of the soil of Mexico's Mexicali Valley cracked and covered with white cakes of salt.

Unlike most Latin American visitors, Echeverria spoke bluntly. The polluter of the Colorado, he told a joint session of Congress, was "an unacceptable form of discrimination" against his country. Mexicans, he insisted, "have had enough of champagne and banquets. We need a positive attitude." A day later, he reported one positive result: a firm commitment by Nixon that the situation in the Mexicali Valley would be "improved immediately."

## The Man Who Never Returned

The accomplishments of bureaucracy affect individuals in wondrous ways—and nowhere more so than in Japan. Consider the case of Herbert Friedman, an American businessman living in Japan. One day last month, he climbed aboard a plane at Tokyo airport and flew off to Okinawa, dutifully surrendering to a customs agent the alien-registration card he carries. His passport was stamped to show that Friedman was leaving the country. According to procedure, his passport would be stamped again when he returned to Tokyo, and he would be issued a new alien-registration card.

The only problem was that during the week that Friedman spent on Okinawa, that island reverted from U.S. occupation to Japanese possession. Thus it was a domestic flight on which he returned to Tokyo. Since he was merely traveling from one Japanese island to another, no customs man would stamp his passport, and since his passport was not marked, no one would issue him a new alien-registration card.

Friedman as a result is caught in a bureaucratic mesh; until it is eventually settled, he is unable to travel because his passport is not in order. He thought at first of solving the impasse by flying

to a nearby country and coming back into Japan officially. But, of course, since there is no record that he is in Japan, there is no way that his passport can be stamped to allow him out.

## Gaddafi and the Irish

Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, 29, leader of Libya's revolutionary government, is a compulsive orator who occasionally stumbles over his own rhetoric. He did so again last week before a clutch of visiting Arab notables and a crowd of 10,000 attending a celebration marking the second anniversary of Libya's takeover of the former U.S. Wheelus Air Force Base outside Tripoli. Gaddafi scored the U.S. for racism and imperialism but thundered most harshly at Britain "because Britain handed Palestine over to the Jews and handed the Gulf Islands to Iran"—a reference to three small islands in the Persian Gulf claimed by both Iran and Arab nations. He intended to retaliate where Britain herself was vulnerable. "There are arms," he said, "and there is support for the revolutionaries of Ireland."

Gaddafi's high-flown statement angered the British, disconcerted some Arabs and puzzled the Irish. The British and U.S. ambassadors to Tripoli walked out while he spoke. Next day Middle East newspapers suggested that in the battle against Israel, Northern Ireland's problems had low priority indeed. In Ireland, both branches of the Irish Republican Army insisted that they had received nothing.

The Marxist-oriented I.R.A. Official branch offered the unkindest rebuttal of all. When a Communist-backed revolt broke out in Sudan last year, one official remembered, Gaddafi captured some rebels as they passed through Libya and handed them over to Sudanese President Jaafar Numeiry for execution. That, said the I.R.A., hardly qualified him as a fellow revolutionary.

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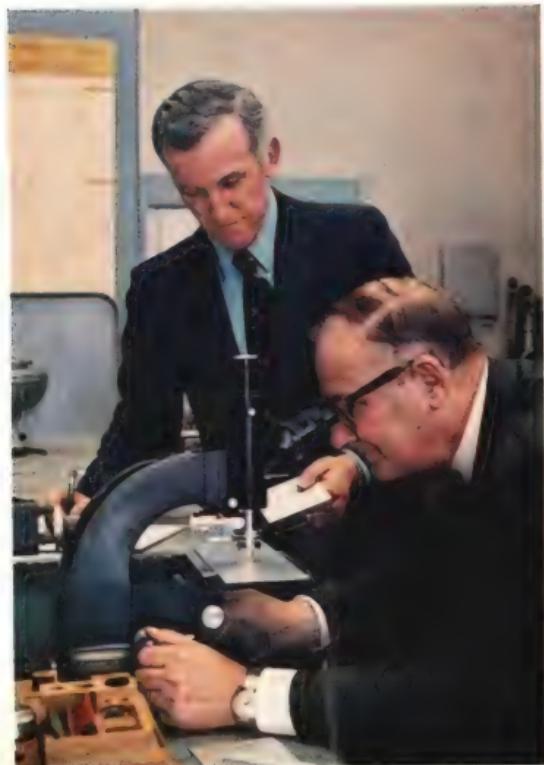
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# Researchers Horton and Borzillo invent a new way to protect steel sheet



Jim Horton and Angie Borzillo are among some 750 scientists and technicians who staff our Homer Research Laboratories. Several years ago, these two researchers began to investigate how they could devise a "marriage" of zinc and aluminum. They wanted to come up with a corrosion-resistant coating for steel sheet that would capitalize on the advantages of each metal.

After painstaking experiments—and many disappointments—they found the ideal blend of zinc and aluminum. And they also worked out a practical method of applying the new coating to the steel sheet. The result is a highly effective coated sheet that resists corrosion at an economical price...for air conditioners, automobile exhaust systems, industrial roofing and siding.

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So now Bethlehem has a bright new sheet steel called Galvalume.

Making and processing steel is a world of fast-moving technology. Many of the products and processes we're using today were nothing but dreams a few years ago. Staying competitive in steel means staying on top in technology. We intend to do just that.



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Pre-chill the glasses in the freezer.  
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## PEOPLE



GETTING TOGETHER IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: PETER, PAUL & MARY

Senator George McGovern's surprising primary triumphs have left the Democratic Party somewhat divided, so McGovern enthusiast Warren Beatty staged "Together with McGovern," his fifth fund-raising extravaganza. At prices of \$5 to \$100, some 20,000 people flocked to New York's Madison Square Garden, to be ushered to their seats by such notables as Paul Newman, Shirley MacLaine and Julie Christie. But Beatty's *prière de résistance* was the reunion of three split-up groups of stars: Peter, Paul and Mary, sounding as unified as ever; Mike Nichols and Elaine May, delivering their own deadpan political satire; and Simon and Garfunkel, re-creating *Bridge over Troubled Water*, which may be destined to become Senator McGovern's campaign song. "We feel we are laboring at a disadvantage in comparison with other groups on this program," Nichols remarked. "They quarreled viciously and broke up only a few months ago, but we have not spoken for twelve years."

Roaring down a race track in Atlanta, Motorcycle Daredevil Robert "Evil" Knievel took a practice jump over four panel trucks, overshot the landing ramp, and broke his back—for the third time in his career. Determined to ride the next day, broken back and all, Knievel asked the doctor, "If I were to jump so I'd land on the balls of my feet, not on my behind, so I wouldn't jar anything—what do you think?" The doctor didn't think much of it, so Knievel set off for the track in an ambulance, just to make an appearance. Heckled into performing, he did a pair of "wheelies"—riding along for a hundred feet with the front wheel in the air. Said he: "I have to satisfy only one person and that's the man I see in the mirror each morning."

Washington reporters, grumbling about the rarity of President Nixon's press conferences, sometimes suggest

that he is being secretive. Not at all, contends White House Adviser John D. Ehrlichman: the President doesn't like press conferences because he finds the questions "flabby and fairly dumb." On a Los Angeles TV show, Ehrlichman reported: "I've seen him many times come off one of those things and say 'Isn't it extraordinary how poor the quality of the questions is?'" As for the correspondents themselves, Ehrlichman compared them to "insecure young ladies—they keep asking us if we love them. If you don't want to know, don't ask."

When they got married in 1964, they seemed the epitome of the Beautiful People: very young, very rich, and very—well—beautiful. Amanda Burden, daughter of Stanley Mortimer and Mrs. William Paley, was born into the world of social celebrity. Carter Burden, son of a wealthy California investment banker, was a law student who planned a career in politics. For nearly eight years, they were New York's bright young couple—Carter became a city councilman, and Amanda did charity work. Then they moved into separate apartments. "Amanda has been linked with everybody but President Nixon," remarked Society Columnist Suzy, "and Carter has been linked with everybody but Golda Meir." Last week Amanda, 28, filed for divorce for "cruel and inhuman treatment." Carter, 30, replied: "I'm very surprised and disappointed."

Queen Elizabeth has always dressed on the dowdy side, but there was a time when Princess Margaret was considered relatively chic. So eyebrows rose last week when she arrived at a reception for the Grand Duke and Duchess of Luxembourg in a costume that looked to a *Daily Mail* commentator like something "kept in mothballs from her family's visit to South Africa in 1947." The Princess's "mothball" ensemble: white wedges with ankle laces, a brightly flowered dress with a hem line midway



SIMON & GARFUNKEL REUNITED

between knee and ankle, and a floppy hat ringed with flowers and trailing ribbons. London's *Daily Mirror* suggested one explanation: "She stands a good chance of emerging as just what the royal family needs—a really splendid stylish eccentric."

Bulova Watch Co. Board Chairman Omar N. Bradley, now 79, is America's only living five-star general. On Flag Day the Defense Department decided to honor the "G.I.'s General" by filling a Pentagon corridor with plaques, photographs, medals and insignia memorializing his distinguished career. Army troops staged precision drills in L'Enfant Plaza, and Bob Hope provided jokes at a ceremonial dinner ("I read today that Kissinger is in Japan, trying to trade two pandas for a couple of transistorized geisha girls"). Bradley himself was, as always, brief and plain-spoken: "I am a soldier, serving my country in peace and in war. Thank God for the privilege, both then and now." At that, fireworks erupted, in the pattern of an American flag.

GENERAL & MRS. OMAR N. BRADLEY





KRISTOFER JONSSON

STUDENTS &amp; OTHER PILGRIMS POPULATE TENT CITY SET UP AT STOCKHOLM'S ABANDONED SKARPÄCK AIRPORT

## ENVIRONMENT

### A Stockholm Notebook

*Every day there were new committee meetings and new resolutions to consider, but many interesting aspects of the U.N. Conference on the Human Environment never came to any vote. As delegates from 114 nations prepared to leave Stockholm last week, TIME Correspondent Friedel Ungeheuer cabled some impressions:*

Motherhood was almost a dirty word here—but it had its defenders. At the scientists' Environment Forum, Stanford Biologist Paul Ehrlich blamed half the world's environmental problems on increases in population. A woman biologist from Nigeria, aided by four burly colleagues, startled the audience by seizing Ehrlich's microphone and declaring that birth control was merely a way for the industrial powers to remain rich by preserving the status quo. Peace was restored only after Ehrlich conceded that the U.S. should curb its own consumption of natural resources before urging population controls on developing countries. Brazilian Economist Josué de Castro fumes at the very mention of birth control. "Genocide of the unborn!" he charges.

Uniformed guards with dogs kept a wary watch on the tent city erected by youthful environmentalists at the abandoned airport of Skarpnäck, but the violent demonstrations the police feared never came. Instead, the students put on gentle "eco-skits" to dramatize "eco-catastrophes." In one, for example, a girl painted as a skeleton and accompanied by drums and cymbals danced a warning about the radioactive fallout from French nuclear-bomb tests in the Pacific. Total damage to property caused by such activities: one broken window.

At noon, many people gathered at the Grand Hotel, a pink elephant of a building with a view over the port (im-

pressively clean) and the Royal Palace (depressingly severe). The reason was simple. The U.S. Population Institute served a delicious free lunch there: marinated river salmon with sweet mustard, herring in fresh cream, tiny meat balls, thick slices of rare roast beef. To ask an environmentalist to dine, however, is to ask for trouble. Dr. Samuel Epstein, the Cleveland toxicologist who first warned of the harmful effects of the detergent component nitrilotriacetic acid (NTA), contended that the beef was full of cancer-causing aflatoxins. "Don't know why the Swedes don't get rid of them," Epstein said. "They are so easy to detect—fluorescent."

Economist Barbara Ward on the trend of speeches: "Truth is moving to platitude with alarming speed."

The conferees fretted continually about the consequences of industrialization. Microbiologist René Dubos, generally the most optimistic of the U.S.'s major ecologists, said that modern farmers are putting more energy into the soil (in the form of mechanization, fertilizers and pesticides) than they are taking out in the form of bumper crops. By 1987, Dubos predicted, such practices will cause enough pollution and depletion of resources to limit further growth. He offered the odd analogy of the medieval church builders in France, who decided to end their rivalry after the highest cathedral, in Beauvais, twice collapsed. "Every technology has its limits," said Dubos.

But talk of slowing industrialization was anathema to the developing nations. The Chinese delegation, led by Tang Ke, Minister of Fuel, had an answer. The world's resources are "inexhaustible," he said, provided all nations follow the teachings of Mao Tse-tung.

There was less confidence in a special report signed by 2,200 scientists from 23 nations. "We do not really know the full dimensions of either our problems or their solutions."

The astonishing thing about the official meetings was that almost all the recommendations on the agenda were approved, though often watered down. There is very little that the U.N. can actually do to enforce them, however—to make Japan and Russia (whose delegation never appeared after all) stop killing whales, or to make France and China stop testing nuclear weapons. "Every country has the right to protect itself from imperialism," insisted the Chinese. No matter. The conferees urged creation of a new U.N. office to coordinate international environmental activities and a global system to monitor the spread of pollutants. What effect will that have? The image that comes to mind is of a man who is given a thermometer and a fever chart to see him through a serious illness.

Perhaps no more concrete accomplishments could have been expected from a meeting that was necessarily divided by so many conflicting interests: the rich v. the poor nations, East v. West, free v. Communist world. Yet the conference showed that a start could be made on a problem that has been too long ignored.

### Watching the Earth

The Stockholm conference has approved a global system for the monitoring of pollution. Next month, as a forerunner of such a system, the U.S. plans to launch an experimental satellite, known as ERTS (for Earth Resources Technology Satellite). A stubby, 1,965-lb. package that resembles an overgrown moth, the satellite will be equipped with three television cameras, a multi-wave-length sensor and a data collection system that can relay environmental information from as many as 1,000 automatic monitoring stations on earth. If the test is successful, ERTS-type orbiters could be used to sound an alarm whenever there is a threat of serious environmental danger: contamination of the seas, climatic changes, even volcanic eruptions.

Fired to an altitude of 492 nautical miles, the satellite is expected to operate for a year in a near-polar orbit that

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He wouldn't if you had your way.  
But one thing always makes you forget the waiting.  
The smile on his face when he walks through the door.**

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**Salisbury Steak. One of 35 Stouffer's Frozen Prepared Foods.**



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# WHY THESE PEOPLE ARE DRIVING A CAR YOU PROBABLY NEVER HEARD OF. THE MATADOR.

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**The L.A. Police Department discovers the Matador.**

In fact, until last year, most people in the L. A. Police Department had never heard of the Matador. But in September, the Department ran tests on one of our models. They compared it to other cars on the basis of performance, quality and price. And as a result they bought 500 new Matadors.



**Mr. Barry Philips discovers the Matador and American Motors Buyer Protection Plan.**

Barry Philips of Simi Valley, California didn't know about the Los Angeles police tests or Mark Donohue. But he bought a Matador because he got something he couldn't get from any other car in America. The American Motors Buyer Protection Plan.

This is what it promises.



When you buy a new 1972 car from an American Motors dealer, American Motors Corporation guarantees to you that, except for tires, it will pay for the repair or replacement of any part it supplies that is defective in material or workmanship.

This guarantee is good for 12 months from the date the car was delivered or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first.

All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for under normal use and service in the fifty United States or Canada and that guaranteed repairs or replacements be made by an American Motors dealer.



**Mark Donohue discovers the Matador, too.**

Last Fall, Racing Driver of the Year Mark Donohue won the SOCA Trans-Am championship in one of our specially-equipped Javelins. Now he's racing in NASCAR competitions in a specially equipped Matador.

He's up against some very tough competitors. But he's confident about his chances of winning with the Matador. After all, it's made by the same people who made his Javelin.

If anything goes wrong with one of our cars and it's our fault, we'll fix it. Free. And if we have to keep your car overnight to fix it, most of our dealers will loan you a car. Free. Finally, you get a name and toll-free number to call in Detroit if you have a problem. And we promise you'll get action, not a runaround.

No car company would make these promises if it didn't build its cars right to begin with. So if you're shopping around for a mid-sized car, why don't you test drive the Matador.

Maybe you never heard of it before. But a year ago, neither had 500 Los Angeles policemen, Mark Donohue, or Barry Philips.

**American Motors**

## ENVIRONMENT

runs almost parallel to the earth's axis of rotation. Sweeping down from high above the Arctic Circle to Antarctica, it will then head back north every 103 minutes. This orbit has an important advantage: it will bring the spacecraft back over the same spot on earth every 18 days at almost exactly the same time of day. Thus, ERTS's photographs, each covering a 100-by-100-mile square, will be taken at each particular site under lighting conditions that remain unchanged except for the gradual seasonal variations in the angle of the sun and different cloud covers. Such consistency gives ERTS a unique ability to spot changes on the earth.

Built by General Electric for NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center under a \$174.6 million program, ERTS cannot see objects smaller than 300 ft. across, but it has very acute color perception. Each of its three RCA TV cameras responds to a distinctly different wave length of light—green, red and near-infra-red. Transmitted to earth, the three separate images can readily be combined into a single, detailed color picture, and ERTS can produce a total of 9,200 pictures a week.

ERTS's infra-red scanners can perform more subtle detective work, since every object, living or inanimate, emits or reflects the various wave lengths of infra-red light with a different intensity. Chlorophyll, for instance, a key chemical involved in the production of oxygen by green plants, has a very distinctive infra-red "fingerprint." Thus, by the color variations in photos, future ERTS satellites could quickly detect any large—and possibly dangerous—change in the chlorophyll content of ocean plankton, a principal source of the world's oxygen supply. By similar "fingerprinting," ERTS and its successors could warn of changes in the health of woodlands, detect harmful acidity in soil, find clues to new oil and mineral deposits, and perhaps even sniff out illegal fields of opium poppies.

## Verdict on DDT

When DDT first appeared in the U.S. in 1942, it seemed almost like a miracle drug. Cheap and efficient, it destroyed pests, reduced such insect-borne diseases as malaria, and brought bumper harvests. But over the years scientists found disturbing evidence, first publicized in Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, that DDT was harmful to animals too, and might threaten man as well.

After 17 months of weighing the evidence pro and con, Environmental Protection Administrator William D. Ruckelshaus announced his verdict last week: "DDT is an uncontrollable, durable chemical that persists in the aquatic and terrestrial environments." Because it lasts so long, it can build up in fish and animals until it "may have a serious effect" on human beings.

With that, he imposed an almost to-

tal ban on the pesticide (exceptions: in cases of sudden epidemic, when DDT is the most effective means of combatting disease-carrying insects; shipment to countries where malaria is a problem; and use on onions, green peppers and sweet potatoes in certain areas that are particularly vulnerable to pests). The ban will not go into effect until the end of the year, allowing time to train farmers in using DDT's chief substitute, methyl parathion, which is highly toxic but breaks down soon after being used.

The ban was immediately challenged in suits filed by the manufacturer and processors of DDT. Another challenge came from the Environmental Defense Fund, which has been chiefly responsible for forcing the issue. It filed a court petition asking that the ban go into effect immediately and that it forbid all domestic applications of the one-time miracle.

## A Cure for Elms

Each year more and more American elm trees, which once lined hundreds of town squares, fall victim to Dutch elm disease. Last year the apparently incurable blight destroyed at least half a million trees in the U.S. This summer the pestilence may be worse; it has spread from the East through the South and Midwest and is now attacking trees as far west as Denver.

After every other remedy failed (including such folksy "cures" as injecting trees with turpentine or whacking galvanized nails into their trunks), sci-

entists believe they have found a way to stop the fungus that causes the disease and the elm-bark beetles that spread it. The new approach involves two steps: spraying dormant elms in early spring with a pesticide called methoxychlor, which is lethal to the beetle but harmless to most other insects, and then spraying again in June with a chemical called Benlate, which attacks only the fungus. Instead of spraying, the arborist may also inject Benlate directly into the tree trunk, which puts the fungicide into the elm's circulatory system. After testing the treatment on 600 elms in a Milwaukee suburb for two years, University of Wisconsin researchers report that the mortality rate for the trees has dropped from 5% per year to 2%.

Benlate itself is not completely new. For two years it has been used as a fungicide to protect roses and tomatoes. What is new—officially approved only this March by the U.S. Department of Agriculture—is its application to Dutch elm disease. The problem now is to persuade communities and private tree owners to undertake the effort and expense (\$75 per tree per year) needed to make the treatment work. When John Hansel, executive director of the Elm Research Institute, took the cure to Denver last February, the mayor refused to see him. The city had its own method for treating the disease—simply cut down and burn infected trees. Says Hansel: "We've come a lot farther in dealing with the beetle than we have with the politicians."

STREET IN WAUKEGAN, ILL., BEFORE & AFTER ATTACK OF DUTCH ELM DISEASE



Panic stops, potholes,  
the roughest driving—even a  
crash landing off a ramp—  
didn't fool the air bag.

The air bag works.  
But only when it's needed.

Allstate fleet car approaches barrier at 17 mph.  
(Man wearing lap belt only.)



The air bag cushions the man, prevents injury  
4/100ths of a second after impact.



At Allstate, we've had a lot of time to get to know about air bags. We've seen them in action. We know they work. We believe in them.

But you probably haven't had much chance to get to learn about air bags.

So to help convince you that air bags are reliable, we shipped a few of our 200 air bag equipped fleet cars out to Arizona for rigorous testing.

The tests were conducted by Dynamic Science, an independent test facility. And the air bags performed just as expected: no surprises, no problems.

Here are the results:

#### Air bag doesn't inflate accidentally

Rough roads, potholes, panic stops—even a ramp jump—didn't accidentally inflate the air bag.

That's because air bags employ a special sensing device. It uses technology from the space program. The sensor only activates the air bag in frontal



Car takes off ramp  
at 45 mph.



Lands with tremendous force.  
Bag did not inflate.

crashes severe enough to cause serious injury.

#### Air bag does inflate when you need it

Some people worry the air bag won't go off when it's supposed to. So we ran one of our cars into a barrier at 17 mph (roughly equivalent to a 34 mph collision with a parked car of equal weight and size).

As you can see, the air bag did its job. Without it, the passenger would have suffered serious injury.

Air bag deflates within  $\frac{1}{2}$  second after impact.  
Car had over \$1800 worth of damage.

Uninjured passenger climbs out through window.  
(Tests conducted for Allstate by Dynamic Science.)

#### Air bags reliable, road-ready

At Allstate, we think this remarkable thing—the air bag—could become America's No. 1 lifesaver.

Safety experts at the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration say air bags could save thousands of lives a year. And prevent

hundreds of thousands of injuries.

Air bags have been tested and retested. They work. They're reliable.

We're getting more air bag equipped fleet cars as fast as possible. We say, let's get air bags into all cars as fast as possible.

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Let's make driving  
a good thing.



## MEDICINE

### The Body Boom

Although it is essential to studying the secrets of life, dissection of the dead was anathema to laymen for many centuries. Emperors and popes once forbade the practice, forcing physicians to utilize the services of body snatchers who, as late as the 19th century, obtained cadavers in midnight graveyard forays. One British ghoul, William Burke, was hanged in 1829 for creating instant specimens out of innocent wayfarers. As late as the 1960s, medical schools relied upon unclaimed bodies and found even these in short supply.

No more. Tens of thousands of Americans in recent years have decided to bequeath their bodies to science. The result is a body boom that is leaving schools and research labs in some parts of the country with more cadavers than they can dissect.\* Medical schools in Illinois, which plan to use 360 bodies this year, have 390 on hand already and applications from 29,000 people who want to cooperate when the time comes. Ohio State University School of Medicine, which uses about 80 a year, has a stockpile of 127. The University of Wisconsin Medical School, which uses fewer than 60 a year, has 5,000 potential donors on file. U.C.L.A., with a list of 10,000 names, no longer accepts offers. Some centers have such an abundance that they accept only bodies in "good" condition.

The main reason for the surprising

\*New York City is an exception; medical schools there report a shortage of suitable cadavers. Nationwide, there is still a dearth of organs for transplants, such as kidneys.

surplus is changing attitudes toward death and funerals. Many people are no longer concerned about religious strictures that bear on treatment of the dead. There is also a sense of altruism among the donors. Randy Beck, 22, a student and former football player at the University of California at Los Angeles, says: "I've willed my body to science because after I'm done with it I won't have any use for it. There is no excuse to limit the usefulness of my body to my lifetime." Some also decide in favor of dissection as a reaction to the expense and emotional upheaval of traditional burial rites. "My mother's funeral was more like a circus than a day of reflection on death," says Mrs. Joyce Winslow, 25, of Los Angeles. "I want more to come out of my death than just bills." In choosing which institution will inherit their remains, most people pick one with which they have been associated. But whim is also a factor. A New York writer selected Harvard, he quips, because his parents always wanted him to go there and "this is the only way I could get in."

Every state now has a law making it easier for people to donate their bodies or organs after death. In many states, anyone over 18 can, in the presence of witnesses, will his body or its parts to science; in many cases, would-be donors are given identification cards to carry in their wallets. If they die naturally—so that no autopsy is required—their bodies are automatically turned over to recipient institutions.

Some groups, including Orthodox Jews, still oppose both post-mortem examinations and dissection, but most Re-

form and Conservative Jews favor the idea, as do many Roman Catholics. "Our only consideration is that a body be buried after use," says Bishop John Ward of Los Angeles. "Whether or not a person donates his organs or, indeed, his entire body to science is, of course, a very personal matter in which we would not want to interfere." Nor do undertakers object to the trend. Many are retained by medical schools to store or transport bodies, and have enough traditional patrons to keep them busy.

### The Right to Bad Genes

Genetic engineering is just in its earliest tinkering stage, but it is already seen both as a great medical hope and a bugaboo. By learning the secrets of the genes, science is increasingly able to alert couples who run an unusually high risk of passing on crippling defects: sometimes a warning is possible even before children are conceived. Tests can also discover disabilities in the unborn as well as in infants and young children before symptoms appear.

Example: if both parents carry the genes for Tay-Sachs disease or sickle-cell anemia, there is great danger that their children will actually get the disease. Many geneticists and physicians are therefore enthusiastic about widespread genetic screening. They also support a new Massachusetts law—not yet put into practice—that would make sickle-cell examinations a requirement for school admission.

Others, however, argue that science and society must go easy not only in interfering with the genetic process, but even in mass screening. A 24-member team of scientists, lawyers and ethicists has been examining this question with the Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences at Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., for the past year. Now, in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the group endorses the principle of helping people to make "informed choices regarding reproduction." But the authors are concerned that large-scale testing could violate people's rights to privacy and freedom of choice. Specifically, they argue that:

► There should be no attempt to impose a standard of genetic normality on any segment of the population. Virtually everyone carries a small number of harmful recessive genes. To eliminate these from the gene pool might require partners who both have similar "bad" traits to avoid parenthood entirely.

► No program should be made compulsory. "There is currently no public health justification for mandatory screening for the prevention of genetic disease. The conditions being tested for in screening programs are neither 'contagious' nor, for the most part, susceptible to treatment at present." People, the report says in effect, have the right to bad genes.

► Care should be taken to safeguard the privacy of participants in screening

19TH CENTURY GRAVE ROBBERS COLLECTING CORPSE



FRANCIS X. SCHAFFNER

# Authentic.

This is "The MacNab," Raeburn's famous portrait of the 12th Laird of the MacNab Clan, the one to which the makers of Dewar's "White Label" belong. Some of the whisky in Dewar's "White Label" continues to come from pot stills near Glendochart, home of the MacNab Clan since the 12th century.



Dewar House, Haymarket, London, S.W.1, opened in 1908. Lots of interesting things here. Famous paintings like "The MacNab," and "Thin Red Line." The Chantrey Bust of Sir Walter Scott. And the worn, bescrbbled tavern table on which Robert Burns wrote many of his poems.



When John Dewar opened his shop he exemplified the virtues of the poor Scot of those days: grit, courage, thrift, plain living, honesty, a taste for hard work, and the vision to grasp a golden opportunity. For example, no one had yet dreamed of putting up Authentic Scotch Whisky in bottles. Here was an opportunity for John Dewar and he was quick to seize it. By the end of the century the annual output of Dewar's "White Label" had reached a million gallons.



The "Fair City of Perth." Nothing much ever changes. The ships still come up the Firth of Tay to Perth.

The people are durable and warmhearted. And the whiskies that go into the making of Dewar's "White Label" lie racked in aging sheds, sleeping the sleep of tranquillity. It's a very easy place to make a Scotch of authentic character.



**Dewar's  
never varies**

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## MEDICINE

programs. The information obtained should be made available only to the individuals involved and their physicians. Otherwise, people might be stigmatized socially, and even perhaps denied life and health insurance.

Most doctors agree that guidelines are necessary, but some find the Hastings rules too tight. They argue that once a high-risk group is spotted—such as Jews of Eastern European descent who are vulnerable to Tay-Sachs disease—all its members of child-bearing age should be tested.

They also believe that information gained by screening should be passed on—to blood relatives, for instance, who might then be persuaded to have examinations themselves. In an editorial accompanying the Hastings report, Boston's Dr. John Littlefield suggests that the traditional, confidential patient-doctor relationship might be less important than people's "right to know about the risks that they run, whether infectious, toxic or genetic."

### Helpless Heavyweights

Obesity is one of the most common medical complaints in the U.S. today. Depending on the choice of surveys, anywhere from one-tenth to one-quarter of the population is overweight to some extent, and millions of people unhappy about their girth and concerned about their health spend more than \$400 million a year on reducing drugs and treatments. Physicians interested in the subject have even formed the American Society of Bariatrics (from the Greek *baros*, meaning weight) to study the problem collectively. The field has nowhere to go but up; medical science has so far failed miserably to help the heavyweights in any important way.



EXAMPLE OF OBESITY  
Incurable appetites

This was the admission of bariatricians and other physicians meeting in Washington last week. The average family doctor treats ten or more patients a month for overweight. A relatively small number have obvious metabolic disorders that can be checked. For most of the rest, the problem is simply excessive eating, and doctors have not found a way to control that for very long. A 250-lb. man who should weigh 165, say, would have to cut his caloric intake by more than half. By his eating standards, that would be close to starvation. It is easier to dry out drunks than to starve down heavy eaters.

Fad diets, the experts feel, have only temporary effect, and some can be medically unsafe. Drugs that dull the appetite, like amphetamines, help certain people for a while, and some doctors prescribe drugs in conjunction with diets. But no one considers pills a long-term answer because of side effects and the chance of addiction. Many extremely obese people eat heavily because of emotional problems. For these patients, psychotherapy can provide clues about the basic causes of the trouble and sometimes helps ease the anguish of kicking gluttony. The key element is usually motivation. Group sessions on the style of Alcoholics Anonymous benefit some people more than orthodox medical approaches do.

Regardless of method, the quest for permanent slimness is rarely rewarding. According to Dr. Alvan Feinstein of Yale medical school, the success rate of weight-loss programs is "terrible, much worse than in cancer." Out of every 100 obese patients, some doctors have found, only a dozen can be expected to lose significant amounts of weight in a yearlong treatment program. Of that happy dozen, ten can be expected to gain back their excess poundage during the following year.

### Capsules

► Passengers in planes packed up over a congested airport may find the experience nervous-making, but travelers only rarely have to endure that kind of tension. For air traffic controllers on the ground, facing the possibility of causing a calamity each working day, the stress is unremitting and the effects on the digestive system horrendous. A study by the newly formed Academy of Air Traffic Control Medicine in St. Charles, Ill., shows that ulcers are distressingly commonplace among control-tower personnel. The annual incidence in American physicians, for example, is between 2.5% and 4%. Among alcoholics whose digestive systems are subjected to constant assault, it's nearly 9%. Dr. Richard Crawford, examined 111 air controllers, 77.5% of whom had symptoms severe enough to make actually ill. Dr. M.



OVERWORKED AIR CONTROLLERS  
Unremitting stress.

blame poor sanitation, blood transfusions and drug addicts' needles for the spread of serum hepatitis, a debilitating and sometimes fatal liver disease. Now it appears that the mosquito might also transmit the ailment. Studies by Rutgers University, the New York Blood Center and the New Jersey Medical School concentrated on tropical mosquitoes. After drawing blood from a person known to be a chronic carrier of hepatitis, the laboratory-raised insects retained the virus for three days and presumably could have transmitted the infection if allowed to attack another victim. The researchers know of no hepatitis cases that can be attributed directly to mosquitoes, but the source of the disease is often untraceable. The new findings are yet another reason for communities to conduct vigorous anti-mosquito campaigns.

► Among the causes of pain in rheumatoid arthritis are inflammation of the synovium (the membrane lining the joint capsule) and subsequent erosion of the enclosed cartilage and bone. Doctors generally prescribe painkillers and other anti-inflammatory drugs including common aspirin. But according to Dr. Alan Wilde of the Cleveland Clinic, early surgery may provide more permanent relief and slow the progress of the disease as well. Wilde told a scientific session of the Arthritis Foundation that he had performed synovectomies on 19 patients, delicately removing the inflamed tissue from a total of 12 finger joints. Most of the patients experienced complete relief of pain, while a few showed partial improvement. Erosion of the joint surface continued in about a third of the patients. In nearly half, the deterioration stopped, while in a few cases, removal of the diseased synovium actually caused the damaged cartilage to

# Merrill Lynch tells how to get 7 to 8 percent on your money—without going out on a limb.

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So your money's real earning power has been whatever interest you've been getting, minus 4.6 percent.

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## **Corporate Bonds: more for your money**

### **The pros:**

Corporates pay anywhere from 7 to 8 percent interest, depending on the company's financial strength. For many people, that would mean a 50 percent jump in investment income.

As far as safety goes, the main thing to remember is that a bond is a debt. And a corporation must pay all the interest on its

bonds before it can give the stockholders a nickel.

Another safety feature is the company's *legal obligation* to pay you the face amount of the bond at maturity. (Most new bonds are written to mature in 20 years.)

Before maturity, high-grade bonds tend to fluctuate in price less than the highest-quality stocks.

### **The cons:**

Corporate bonds have the same drawback as all other fixed-income securities. They don't give you a share in a company's profits. So you can't expect much growth in the value of your principal.

A second disadvantage is the price fluctuation — usually less than with high-quality stocks, but enough to think about. If you have to sell your bonds before maturity, you could get less than the face amount.

Talk with one of our Account Executives. He can help you weigh the pros and cons as far as your own objectives are concerned.

## **Municipal bonds: no Federal taxes**

### **The pros:**

Municipal bonds are issued by states, cities, and towns. High-grade municipals are among the safest securities you can buy, because they're usually backed by the issuer's *taxing power*.

The big thing about municipals is that the interest is free from Federal income taxes. (It's even free from state and local taxes, if you buy bonds issued by the state or town you live in.)

So the net return on municipals can get very attractive. If your joint taxable income is \$30,000 a year, for example, a 5½ percent return on municipals is like getting 9 percent on a taxable investment.

### **The cons:**

High-grade municipals yield only about 5 percent—a full 2 percent *less* than high-grade corporates. (Of course, that's not much of a problem if you're in a high tax bracket.) And like any bond, municipals fluctuate in price.

## **Ginnie Mae's: 7% Government-guaranteed**

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A Ginnie Mae is a mortgage-backed security authorized by the Government National Mortgage Association, an agency of the Federal Government.

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### **The cons:**

The minimum investment is a hefty \$25,000. Another possible problem is that you gradually get back your principal along with the interest. Our analysts figure that the average Ginnie Mae will last only about 12 years.

## **Mutual funds: the diversified way**

### **The pros:**

Instead of buying fixed-income securities directly, you could buy part of a fund that invests in them. The advantages include diversification, professional management, and greater convenience.

### **The cons:**

You don't get these advantages for nothing. Many funds charge a sales commission. Most funds charge a management fee based on total assets under management.

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of know-how in 15 kinds of  
fixed-income securities**

You can buy fixed-income securities from a lot of different firms. But there are good reasons to buy them from Merrill Lynch.

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## Unfindable Objects

Laughter in the Louvre? As gross a solecism, one might think, as a belch in the Sainte-Chapelle. Yet for several weeks, visitors to the Louvre's Museum of Decorative Arts have been convulsed with mirth over the work of a puckish artist from Marseille, Jacques Carelman. With his collection of "Objets Introuvables" (Unfindable Objects), Carelman has revived Surrealist humor and created the wittiest show to be seen in Paris in years. (It will open in Dallas next winter.)

RIFLE DESIGNED TO HIT KANGAROO



CARELMAN & MANY-FAUCETED PIPE

"If I had to point to any one source of inspiration for my unfindable objects," says Carelman, "I suppose it would be those old-fashioned mail-order catalogues, like the old Sears, Roebuck ones, with precise, naive drawings instead of the color pictures you find today." These catalogues define a dreamworld of real consumer goods; Carelman's show presents an actual world of fantasy goods. The 50 creations on display include a masochist's coffeepot with the spout over the handle, thus guaranteeing a scalding for anyone who uses it; an hourglass filled with pebbles, not sand; "for people who don't want to grow old"; a pipe with four different faucets for water at different temperatures; a hammer with a handle so bent that nobody can hit his thumb; a cat-shaped traveling bag with handles and a perforated Plexiglas nose for taking one's pet tabby on a trip; an "absorbent bottle" made out of sponge, "to double its capacity"; and an undulating Ping Pong table, to "project the ball unpredictably."

Art lovers of a philosophical bent may ponder an empty frame bearing the label *A Knife Without a Blade Whose Handle Is Missing*. Georg-Christoph Lichtenberg, 1742-1799.\* The



UNPREDICTABLE PING PONG



more athletic ones can equip themselves for the outback with a bizarre weapon whose barrel undulates like a snake: it is a kangaroo gun, "whose specially studied trajectory enables the bullet to go where it wants." A German scientist, critic and aphorist, whose name apparently strikes Carelman as inherently grotesque, like Major Major, P.D.Q. Bach or the presidential tucket of Wintergreen and Throttlebottom.

let to follow the bounding animal."

Says Carelman, 42, a once-time dental surgeon who has become well known as a designer and cartoonist: "I guess you could call me a critic of society, all societies—but especially the wasteful consumer society. My defense against the aggressiveness of objects is derision, humor. I deal with objects everyone is familiar with, like a hammer. I deform them and people get a shock. Children react best, the intellectuals second-best."

Says François Carré, assistant curator of the Museum of Decorative Arts: "No one has better taken into account the all-too-rational limits of our system of objects. Carelman thinks of everything and everybody, of the prolongations of technology as well as new categories of ignored consumers: acrobats, mourners, the one-legged . . . The infinitesimal shift thus revealed to us is what separates poetry from reality, and the most invigorating humor from the crass stupidity of profit making." A child at the show was more succinct. "As a convinced masochist," he told the artist, "I take my hat off to you."

## Picasso Presents

It is a wry paradox of art history that some of the most influential sculptures of modern times were never actually seen by the men they influenced. They were four metal-rod constructions that Picasso made in 1928-29. Known only from photographs, these light, airy images—a form of "drawing in space"—helped shift the attention of postwar sculptors in America and Europe away from the solid block and toward open structure. But Picasso never allowed them to be sold to a dealer, a collector, or a museum; they remained in his own collection in France after they had been rejected by a committee for a memorial to Picasso's friend, Poet Guillaume Apollinaire. ("What did they expect me to make, a muse holding a torch?" Picasso grumbled later.)



Now New York's Museum of Modern Art announces that Picasso has given its sculpture garden a 15-foot-high version of one of these works, *Construction in Wire*, 1928. Based on a smaller maquette he made ten years ago, the monumental piece is being fabricated in Cor-Ten steel and will go to the museum in early fall. Thus there will be two key Picasso sculptures in the U.S. (the other is the sheet-metal *Guitar*, 1912), and MOMA has them both, as presents from the artist. Picasso's evident fondness for the museum—which already has the best collection of his work anywhere—started a crop of new rumors about the possible destination of the huge collection of Picasso's own Picassos after his death.



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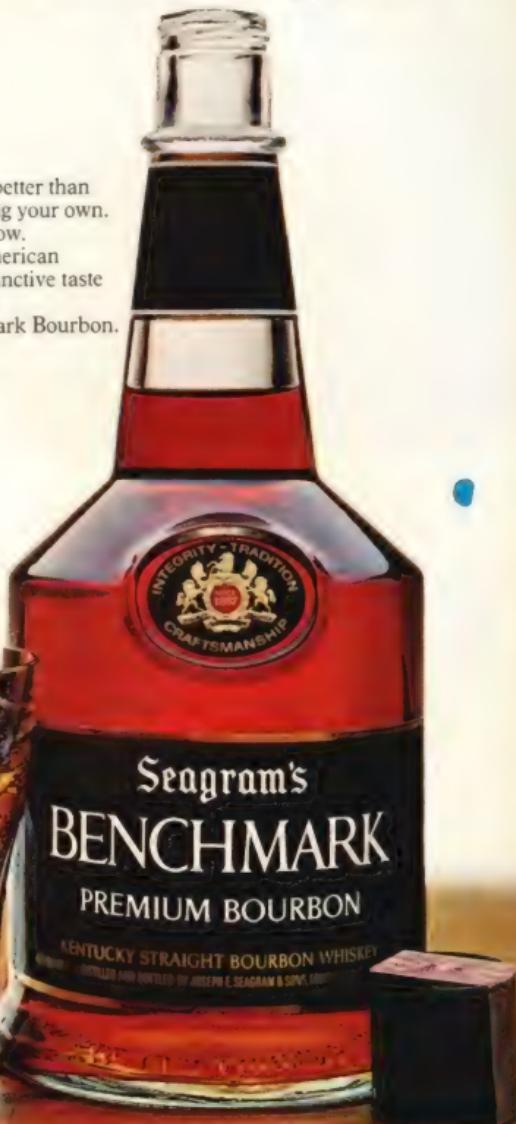
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## BEHAVIOR

### Silent Speech

Kari Harrington is seven years old and a victim of severe cerebral palsy. Thus she lacks the muscular coordination necessary for controlled movement and speech, and is virtually restricted to a wheelchair. Like many other victims of the disease, she will never be able to move around normally or speak well enough to be understood. Now an experimental training program that uses printed symbols to convey meaning has begun to draw her out of her isolated world.

The Ontario Crippled Children's Centre in Toronto, where Kari is a pupil, is successfully using a system of symbols as a substitute for spoken language. They are patterned after "Bliss-symbols," devised some 30 years ago by an Austrian-born chemical engineer named Charles Bliss in the hope that they would be used to promote international understanding. Hardly anyone paid any attention, though, until last year, when Shirley McNaughton, a teacher at the center, came upon an account of them in a library and decided that they might be modified for use by the handicapped.

Currently the center is using about 200 symbols arranged on wooden trays attached to wheelchairs. With demonstrations and explanations from their teachers, six brain-damaged youngsters are learning to use their fingers or a special clock hand fastened to the trays to point to the symbol that expresses what they want to say.

Naturally there are symbols for such simple words as yes and no, hello and goodbye, man and woman. There

is also a symbol for action that turns a noun into a verb. For example, a child who wants to say "Father sees mother" points first to the sign for father, the male symbol topped by the sign for roof or protection ♀. Next the child points to the eye symbol ⚡ and then to the action indicator ↗ thus transforming the noun eye into the verb see. Finally, the youngster points to the sign for mother, combining the female and roof symbols ♀.

The sign for animal is ☹ for needs ↘, a slanting figure to suggest dependency; for food ♀, a mouth over the earth. All these can be put together to say "The animal needs food." To express emotions, a youngster can point to the sign for happy ☺ or sad ☹.

The ability to communicate even such uncomplicated ideas as these has had remarkable effects. Less frustrated because they can finally express themselves, the youngsters become more relaxed and can thus make better use of whatever slight physical—and in a few cases even vocal—abilities they may have.

The children, most of whom seemed mentally retarded, are being stimulated to read and to demonstrate other intellectual skills. Perhaps most important, their previous apathy and withdrawal have been replaced by a new capacity to share in family life. The mother of one child at the center was "thrilled" when her son used symbols to say that he was angry about some things but that he loved his family. Kari's mother voiced surprise and delight when Kari managed to convey her sadness over the fact that her guinea pig cannot think.



CEREBRAL PALSY VICTIMS LEARNING TO "SPEAK" WITH PRINTED SYMBOLS  
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## THE PRESS

### Striving Globe

In 1970, the management of the Boston *Globe* assembled the editorial staff for a candid self-study session at the Brandegee estate of the National Academy of Arts and Sciences University. One result was formation of a six-reporter "Brandegee goose-'em committee," the purpose of which was to "keep editors on their toes, to keep them mad and unsatisfied." That restless spirit has been typical of the *Globe* in recent years, and this week the paper got another prod toward self-improvement: the death of its traditional rival, the *Herald Traveler*.

The demise of the 125-year-old *Herald* leaves the *Globe* morning and afternoon papers in head-to-head competition with expanded Hearst entries. The chain bought the name and relatively modern plant of the *Herald* and this week transformed its tabloid *Record American* into standard-size papers: the morning *Herald Traveler* and *Record American* and, for variety, the afternoon *Record American* and *Herald Traveler*. "Strangely enough," says *Globe* Editor Thomas Winship, "it looks like we may now have more competition, not less."

**Vivacity.** The *Globe* figures to pick up about a quarter of the old *Herald's* circulation of 192,000 (the *Globe* sells 417,000 on weekdays, 546,000 on Sundays). The *Globe* has been steadily improving for several years. It won a Pulitzer Prize in 1966 for its coverage of the Kennedy family's efforts to promote a federal judgeship for an old retainer, and picked up another this spring for an exposé of corruption in Somerville, Mass. "The death of the *Herald*," says Winship, "should enable us to put out

a much better newspaper." As a first step, he has hired nine of the *Herald's* best people. Winship also plans to enlarge the paper's newshole, streamline the bulky Sunday edition, and give even more push to the morning staff's already energetic investigative crew.

The *Globe's* strivings for both vivacity and quality result from the happy association of Winship and the Taylor family. Publisher Davis Taylor is content to give his editors considerable leeway and solid financial backing. The *Herald* management diverted attention and resources into the long, doomed fight to save its broadcasting license (TIME, May 8); the Taylors have sold much of their interest in Kaiser-Globe Broadcasting and invested proceeds in a \$6,000,000 expansion of the newspaper.

**Weathermen.** Since becoming editor seven years ago, Winship has given direction to a paper that was once singularly haphazard. His success surprised some staffers, who initially regarded him as a lightweight. City-room cynics used to grumble that he had married his money (Elizabeth Coolidge, who writes an advice column for the paper) and inherited his job (his father, Laurence, edited the *Globe* from 1955 to 1965). He was also criticized for being less than overwhelmingly cerebral.

Perhaps. But, says Assistant Managing Editor Tim Leyland, "while he is not your intellectual aristocrat, he is a catalyst. He's got a good grasp of trends and movement in society." Winship, 51, has made the paper sensitive to these trends and has also been receptive to the ideas of younger journalists. Last year he appointed a 29-year-old as metropolitan editor of the morning edition. "These brainy kids in the newsroom are our salvation," he

told the American Society of Newspaper Editors. "They write better than we do, they know more than we do, and they are intellectually more honest."

To give encouragement to his "city-room Weathermen," as he calls them, Winship frequently sends out "tiger notes," which invariably begin: "Terrific job, Tiger. Keep 'em coming." The fact that the editor frequently wears ruffled seersucker, odd slacks and boots doesn't hurt rapport either. Not that generational and ideological friction is completely absent. Radical Columnist David Deitch was recently removed from the Op-Ed page. Winship explained that the change was to make room for contributions from Ralph Nader and the Black Congressional Caucus. Deitch charged that the paper could no longer swallow his attacks on the Boston financial establishment.

One argument led to another, and Winship threatened to fire Deitch, but relented after activist community groups that admire Deitch twice stormed the *Globe's* newsroom. The columnist now has a spot four times a week on the financial page. When a group of antiwar staffers wanted to buy an ad demanding Richard Nixon's impeachment, Winship balked. The result was a compromise in which the Op-Ed page one day was given over to a debate between the pro-impeachment faction and the paper's chief editorialist.

While the *Globe* encourages such provocative debate and has been vehemently antiwar—it printed portions of the Pentagon papers which it obtained independently—Winship has no grandiose ambitions to make the paper primarily national in its coverage or concerns. In fact, the *Globe* is often spotty even in covering New England, and too rarely assigns reporters out of the state. Winship wants to change that, "to turn the *Globe* into the best regional paper in America." Given the state of New England journalism, achieving that goal would be a major contribution.

### Grave New World

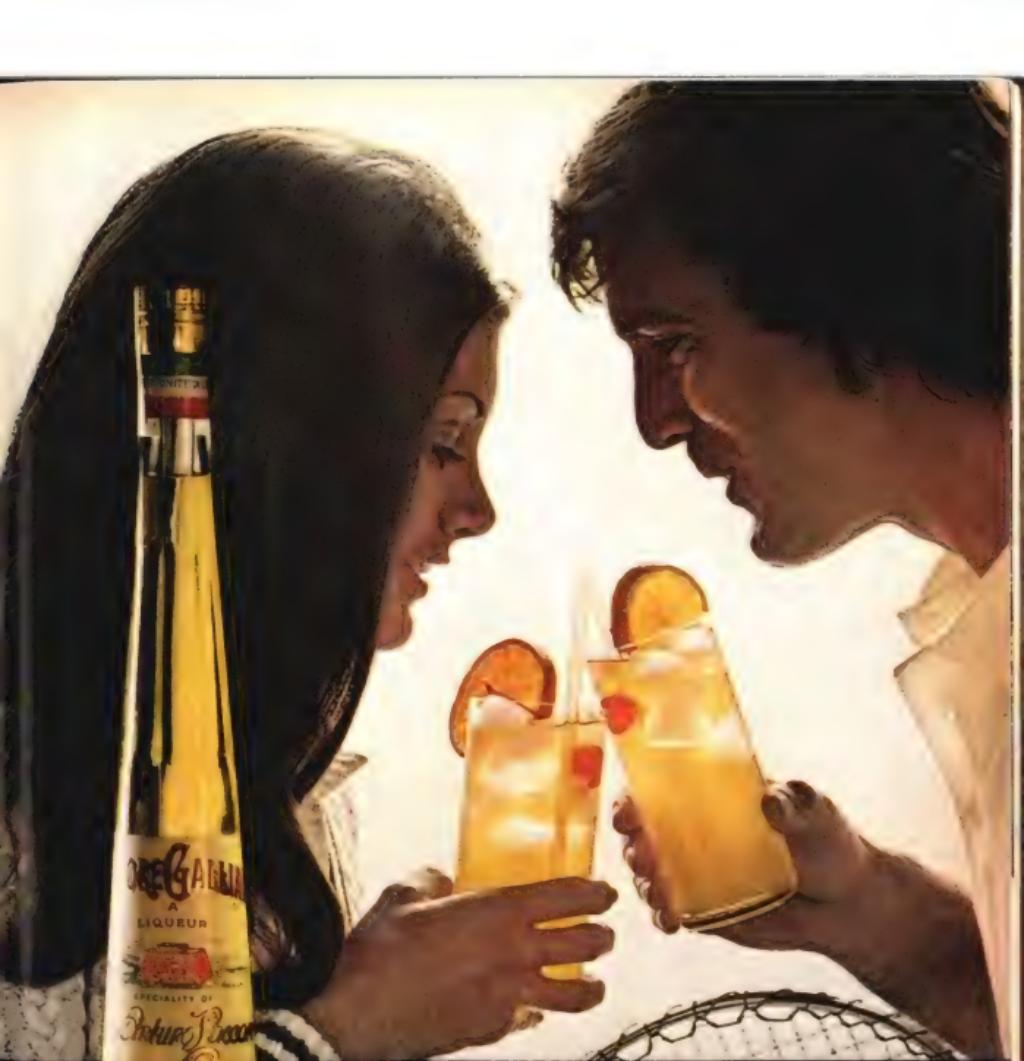
Where did the old *Saturday Review* go? Right up the street, as it turns out. Norman Cousins, who stalked away from *SR* and its new owners' overhaul plans seven months ago, last week put out the first biweekly issue of *World magazine*; it is the deadest of ringers for *SR* as it used to be.

Cousins greeted his newsstand customers and 75,000 charter subscribers with the Cousinish statement that the "ultimate adventure on earth is the adventure of ideas," and added that *World* "would like to be part of that adventure." Cautiously, he went on to say that the "editors do not regard this issue as a definitive expression of their ideas about *World*" because "a new magazine is not born fully formed."

Just as well. Vol. I, No. 1 is dominated by worthy but wordy pieces that reflect the stodginess of the old *Saturday*



WINSHIP (CENTER) CONFERRING WITH YOUNG REPORTERS IN BOSTON OFFICE  
Tiger notes for the city-room Weathermen.



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Not every portable will consistently give you good flesh-tone color.

On some sets, instead of seeing people with natural-looking complexions, you'll see people with red faces. Or even green faces. Not every time, but enough to annoy you.

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AUTOMATIC COLOR PURIFIER—helps keep colors clear and pure.

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## THE PRESS

**Review.** U Thant's lead story reads uncannily like the Cousins editorial: both deal in leaden tones with what they proclaim as the new global brotherhood of man. The former U.N. Secretary-General goes on to note that there is no alternative to—guess what—the U.N.

There is a "World Progress Report" that features only good news, such as the intelligence that the U.N.'s new "disaster relief coordinator" has begun to attempt to coordinate relief. From International Editor Roland Gelatt (based in London) comes a detailed analysis of what will happen to London's Covent Garden Market when the area undergoes urban renewal 18 months hence.

There is a report on the Stockholm environmental conference, written well before the event, and an analysis of the Middle American, that citizen already so often discovered. Cleveland Ace and Goodman Amory—or is it Cleveland Amory and Goodman Ace?—grind out their stale *SR* humor.

Elsewhere, the pleasingly plump issue (132 pages) makes for better reading. The critical sections—books, ballet, music, films—are excellent. There is a warm, highly readable story on Philanthropist Louis Schweizer, an intriguing discussion of world mass-transit problems, and a thoughtful piece on the future of education. Selden Rodman, the Hair buff, contributes an upbeat piece on life in the Caribbean republic. A photo spread of aerial landscapes shot by Dr. George Gerster, a Swiss science editor, is beautifully laid out.

But these editorial assets seem outweighed by the clinkers. Of what value is a column of youth notes, written by a Harvard sophomore, that says nothing new, significant or even witty about youth? Or a "Calendar of Global Events" that alerts readers to affairs such as the Third International Conference on Dielectric Liquids in Dublin next month? Columnist Amory ends his first *World* column this way: "Satisfaction guaranteed, we've always said, or your product back." On the basis of the first issue, the temptation is to ask where one gets in line.

## Near Ms

The huge type shrieked: GIVE THE OLD MAN PLAYBOY FOR FATHER'S DAY, and at first glance it looked like another Bunnyland promotion. But the full-page New York *Times* ad was paid for by up-and-coming *Penthouse*, *Playboy's* rival, and it went on to counsel, "Your Dad grew up in the *Playboy* generation." Thus the old fellow simply cannot handle *Penthouse*. Claimed the ad: "More than 95% of *Penthouse* readers are under 35." Not quite. Actually the figure is 87%, but the survey did show that 95% of *Penthouse's* male readers are between 18 and 34. For *Playboy*, the equivalent figure is 67%. Circulation: *Penthouse*, 909,867; *Playboy*, 6,400,573. Anyone for Ms?



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## Low Blows from Munich

Convict Bobby Lee Hunter has come a long way since he fatally stabbed a man five years ago in a snack-bar scuffle in Do As You Choose Alley, a Charleston, S.C., ghetto. Sentenced to 18 years for manslaughter, he spent the first few years in prison as a sullen, scrappy teen-age con often banished to solitary confinement. Then he was encouraged to take up supervised fighting. His surliness vanished, and since 1970 little Bobby Lee has developed into the nation's best amateur flyweight boxer, with a good chance of winning a medal for the U.S. at the Olympic Games this summer in Munich.

Last week, though, Hunter suddenly seemed in danger of suffering a technical knockout from Olympic competition long before the Games started. Willi Daume, president of the Olympic Organizing Committee in Munich, said that Hunter would not be welcome at the Games because "an Olympic athlete should be an example to youth." The U.S. Olympic Committee "would be wise" not to send the 21-year-old boxer, advised Daume, a successful industrialist who played basketball for Germany at the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin. If Hunter did turn up, Daume added, he might run afoul of an Olympic rule on housing. Implying that Hunter might need to be billeted in a local prison, Daume noted a requirement of the Games that competitors stay in the official Olympic Village.

Daume's offhand remarks resembled a flurry of low blows. Olympic historians can recall no precedent for a ban, real or threatened, against a com-

petitor on the grounds that he had a police record. Several U.S. sportsmen argued that Hunter, as a convict on the road to rehabilitation through sport, might set a better example to youth than some Olympic athletes who have never been in jail but are known not to be paragons of virtue.

Daume's concern about the Olympic housing rule was curious. For one thing, the rule has been broken before; in Mexico in 1968, for instance. West German Millionaire Josef Neckermann, who won gold and silver medals in dressage, stayed at the luxurious hotel Maria Cristina. For another, it has never been the U.S. Olympic Committee's intention to house Hunter (providing he makes the team) behind bars. In the past year, Hunter has represented the U.S. in Colombia, Britain and the Soviet Union without being locked up in local jails between bouts. South Carolina's Manning Correctional Institution requires only that Hunter be accompanied by a guard, who in fact has become a friend, adviser and occasional corner man.

Clifford Buck, chairman of the U.S. Olympic Committee, also seemed to be in Hunter's corner last week. "We believe that it is our prerogative to decide who goes to the Games," he told TIME Reporter-Researcher Kathleen Cool. "If Hunter qualifies at the U.S. boxing trials next month, he will go to Munich and stay with the rest of the team at Olympic Village."

## Play It as It Lies

As any golfer knows, a bad lie is not a terrible whopper told at the 19th hole. On a course, it means the bad positioning of a ball—jammed behind a tree in the rough, stuck in a divot on the fairway, or confronted with spike marks on the green. Generally, a golfer must play his ball where it lies or take a penalty of added strokes if he chooses to move it. Among weekend golfers, the temptation is often strong to improve a lie surreptitiously, especially on the greens, where a player is permitted to lift the ball and wipe it off. But in the competitive sphere of professional golf, where scrutiny is high and tolerance understandably low, such cheating is rare. Which is why the U.S. golfing world last week was closely following the case of pretty Jane Blalock.

Miss Blalock, who is the leading money winner this year on the Ladies Professional Golf Association tour with earnings of \$38,286, stood accused of several times placing her ball in a more advantageous position. Two weeks ago, the L.P.G.A.'s executive board, made up of five fellow players, decided to suspend her from the circuit for one year on grounds of "actions inconsistent with the code of ethics of the organization."



**GOLFER JANE BLALOCK ON GREEN**  
*Not allowed to make a living?*

The severity of the sentence was one reason for the unusual interest in the case. Another was that Miss Blalock countered with a \$5,000,000 antitrust suit against the L.P.G.A., claiming that the association had deprived her of a living, had damaged her reputation and good will, and had not permitted her to face her accusers at a hearing or have legal counsel.

A battling blonde in pigtails, Miss Blalock won a temporary court order that allowed her to compete in the \$50,000 E.V.E.-L.P.G.A. Championship at Sutton, Mass., near her home town of Portsmouth, N.H. She played in an atmosphere of overt snubs and behind-the-back whispers. Said one competitor: "If I had been caught doing what she was doing, I wouldn't have the nerve to show my face around here." Miss Blalock, 26, and only in her fourth year on the tour, finished by showing her heels to all but one player, earning second-place prize money of \$5,400.

The performance was typical of Jane's aggressiveness and independence, two traits that have never endeared her to the L.P.G.A.'s largely conservative hierarchy. While the association has been working hard to impress tournament sponsors with a solid, businesslike image, free-spirited Miss Blalock has adorned her bank checks with the peace symbol and her golf bag with a sign that reads P.O.W.S NEVER HAVE A NICE DAY. In short, some of her peers clearly dislike her, and are probably enjoying her discomfort.

In court hearings last week, the L.P.G.A. said that spotters hidden in woods and stationed on television towers with binoculars had seen Miss Blalock improve her lies. Janie conceded that she may have done so "through carelessness or excitement," but contended that her suspension was an



**Bobby Lee Hunter in prison**  
*Not a good example to youth?*

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## Which Bacardi for what?



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**SPORT**

effort to "exterminate" her as the circuit's top money winner. Regardless of the lawsuit's outcome, it seemed clear that before the case was over, both sides would wish they had never teed off against each other.

**No Peak, Just Pique**

Mountain climbing is a symbol of man's loftiest aspirations: a test of mettle, a purification of the soul, a reach for the heavens. George Leigh Mallory, asked why he wished to climb Mount Everest, solemnly replied, "Because it is there." If asked the same question, the most recent adventurers to tackle the peak would probably respond differently: "Because we want to beat the guy from the other country."

The latest expedition consisted of 15 climbers: seven Austrians, two Germans, one Tyrol Italian, one Swiss, one Iranian and three Britons. Last March this oddly mixed international team of mountaineers set out to scale the 29,028-ft. summit over the unconquered southwest face. After more than two months of quarrelsome efforts, they descended into a maelstrom of pique.

From the beginning, the expedition was split into rival factions—led, respectively, by the British and the Austrians. According to Britisher Don Whillans, the Austrians "were afraid of us getting into the lead." Said German Climber Michel Anderl caustically: "The precious contribution of the British was to help consume 16 bottles of oxygen and eat enormous quantities of food." Supplies seemed to be a considerable problem. Native Sherpas staged one brief strike when the climbers reached 17,550 ft. and threatened another one unless their demands for more food and equipment were met. While Dr. Karl Herrligkoffer left the expedition to get more supplies, Anderl became the target of some Sherpa trade union tactics: they stoned him, and one threatened to disconnect his head with an ice ax.

The magic mountain may have taken offense at these petitfoggery, because more ill fortune fell on the expedition. When Dr. Herrligkoffer returned, he suffered either a mild heart attack or pulmonary edema. Then the Italian, Leo Breitenberger, suffered a lung seizure, which was followed by a mental breakdown. Austrian Werner Haim sustained a severe leg injury, and several others fell ill. That left only two Austrians and the three British, who spent more time arguing over who was to lead than in actual climbing. The British quit in disgust, and soon the remaining Austrians were forced down by inclement weather.

The final, saddening comment was provided by the Iranian, Mischa Saleki, who informally decamped via the supply helicopter: "It is better for one nation to go up a mountain." Indomitable Everest, looking on in silent disdain, must surely have agreed.

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## RELIGION



BILL BRIGHT WITH BILLY GRAHAM



EXPLO CROWD IN COTTON BOWL  
FROLICKING IN FIRE-HOSE SPRAY

### The Jesus Woodstock

"Something historic is happening here," flashed a sign on an office building in downtown Dallas. Historic, maybe. Big for sure. Across—and well beyond—the city last week, more than 75,000 gospel-preaching young people and adults were jammed into hotels, motels and private homes, camping out in warehouses, truck terminals, school gyms and even the county jail. They had come from every state and 60 countries for an International Student Congress on Evangelism called EXPLO '72.

Addressing the first evening rally in Dallas' Cotton Bowl, Billy Graham set the tone of the meeting for the cheering crowd: "We are here to say to the world that Christian youth are now on the march, and we're going to keep marching until millions of people are brought into the kingdom of God!"

EXPLO was the creation of Campus Crusade for Christ International, an evangelical organization headquartered in San Bernardino, Calif., and founded two decades ago by former Businessman Bill Bright, now 50, a United Presbyterian layman. Campus Crusade is no longer limited to U.S. campuses; some 500 of its 3,000 staffers are posted in 50 foreign countries, and it trains 100,000 laymen a year to promulgate Bright's copyrighted "Four Spiritual Laws" to unbelievers.

Bright's message: God loves man and has a plan for him, but man is sinful and can neither experience that love nor understand that plan unless he individually receives Jesus Christ as savior and lord. Essentially, the high schoolers, college students and adults who came to Dallas last week had come to learn just how to get that message across to everyone in the world by Bright's target date of 1980.

In the mornings the zealots attended training sessions in 65 locations around the Dallas-Fort Worth area. In the afternoons they participated in seminars or wandered among the booths

that 206 evangelical groups had set up in the exhibition halls of State Fair Park surrounding the Cotton Bowl. Not all the groups who had booths were of the straight, nonpolitical type characteristic of Campus Crusade. One called the People's Christian Coalition was more radical in its approach to the Gospel, and caused a ruckus at a midweek meeting when some of its members joined with Mennonites to hold up a *CHRIST OR COUNTRY* banner and chant "Stop the war." They reflected a feeling among a minority of evangelicals at the conference that Bright's brand of Christianity is lacking in social concern.

Most of the time, though, euphoria seemed to prevail. One convert from the drug world, Alaskan Ken Davenport, 24, compared the Dallas scene with the rock riot at Altamont: "There you didn't know if somebody was going to knife you. Here it's full of love." In Dallas' nightclub district, barflies were amazed to find the young evangelists offering them Bright's mustard-yellow pamphlets. A policeman working amid the crowds at the Cotton Bowl said in bewilderment, "I must have gotten bumped 3,000 times, and every time the person said 'Pardon me.'"

EXPLO attracted evangelicals ranging from "Brother Andrew," a Dutchman famed for smuggling Bibles into Communist countries, to enthusiasts like former Astronaut James Irwin. Governor Reubin Askew of Florida, who will keynote next month's Democratic National Convention, lent his name and faith to the occasion with a pep talk to a businessmen's seminar in which he called EXPLO "the most exciting event of my lifetime."

The gathering was scheduled to culminate on an uncompleted freeway with a rally featuring singers Kris Kristofferson and Johnny Cash, which was expected to draw up to 150,000 people. But for many the moment of truth had come earlier. Said Ethiopian Gebrekidan Kassa, 26: "Since I came to Dallas, I feel that I am saved."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC CABLUCK





## Can you find the electric wires in this picture?

That isn't really a fair question.  
You'd need X-ray vision to see the electric wires in Columbia, Maryland.

Columbia is a new city, planned in detail before a shovelful of earth was moved. One of the first things planners settled on was underground electricity. General Electric helped the Baltimore Gas & Electric Company do it.

Until recently, underground electricity was economical only for the downtown commercial areas of larger cities.

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## The New Mae West

HANNIE CAUDLER

Directed by BURT KENNEDY

Screenplay by Z.X. JONES

Before too long—say around the fourth or fifth minute of running time—Raquel Welch is gang-raped by three desperados and left to die in her flaming hacienda. Things got pretty rough back there in the Old West.

As has been amply proved in the past, Miss Welch's acting ability is greatly overshadowed by her endowments. Consequently, her thrashings



RAQUEL WELCH AS HANNIE CAUDLER  
*Riding out for revenge.*

and grimacing while being assaulted assume an air of piquant comedy. Nothing will do after being so shamed but for Miss Welch to ride out for revenge. This presents a problem since the scoundrels have swiped the horses as well as murdered her husband. The resourceful Raquel, of course, gets both a new mount and a new man in the person of a bounty hunter named Thomas Luther Price (Robert Culp). Price takes her to Mexico and teaches her how to shoot. Admirably, he seldom seems distracted by her wardrobe, a pair of skimpy leather pants and a beat-up poncho that flies open frequently.

Miss Welch seems obsessed with becoming Mae West. Perhaps it's just that she never recovered from *Myra Breckinridge*, but Raquel tosses out lines like "There aren't any hard women, only soft men" that are the sort that Miss West used to dispense. She, however, had a shrewd sense of self-parody. Raquel doesn't get the joke.

Still, there are some excellent things in *Hannie Caulder*. Burt Kennedy's direction is robust, the scene about learn-

ing to shoot a pistol is superb, and the homicidal Three Stooges—Ernest Borgnine, Strother Martin (both of *The Wild Bunch*) and Jack Elam—are the best bad guys around.

▪ Joy Cocks

## Nose Dive

SKYJACKED

Directed by JOHN GUILLERMIN

Screenplay by STANLEY R. GREENBERG

On board Global Flight 502, non-stop from Salt Lake City to Minneapolis, are an ailerous businessman (Ross Elliott) and his steadfast wife (Jeanne Crain); a jolly jazz musician (Roosevelt Grier); a United States Senator (Walker Pidgeon) and his son (Nicholas Hammond); a teeny-bopper (Susan Dey); a young wife on the verge of giving birth (Mariette Hartley); the head stewardess (Yvette Mimieux), once in love with the captain (Charlton Heston), now carrying on with the copilot (Mike Henry); and a certain Sergeant Jerome K. Weber (James Brolin), a bug-eyed benny popper who swills brandy, talks crazy and keeps clutching at a large black satchel stashed under his seat. One among these is a skyjacker. Guess who?

Not that it makes much difference. *Skyjacked* is the sort of proudly stupid melodrama that flaunts its absurdities. The plot is incredible, the dialogue unspeakable, and the movie, as a result, is pretty fair fun.

*Skyjacked* is an unashamed throwback to the '40s, when such topical B features were ground out once a month. The nostalgic tendency now is to overvalue such celluloid trivia, but *Skyjacked*, at least, is a good deal more diverting than *Airport*.

▪ J.C.

## Father and Sons

JUNIOR BONNER

Directed by SAM PECKINPAH

Screenplay by JEB ROSENBOOK

The frontier is gone, the West is closing in on itself, there is no room left for the old ways. No one has watched these changes with such deep understanding or portrayed them so memorably as Sam Peckinpah, whose westerns, from *Ride the High Country* through *The Ballad of Cable Hogue* all seem to be infused with a kind of sunset light. They concern men living stubbornly in the middle of change, hanging on, scarcely surviving. "We got to look beyond our guns," one of the outlaws says in *The Wild Bunch*. Peckinpah's greatest film. Everyone agrees, but no man among them can adapt, so they die by the code of an earlier time rather than live by the law of a new one.

*Junior Bonner* is Peckinpah's most contemporary western, set in Prescott, Ariz., a town that hews to the traditions

of the past by holding a rodeo every year even as its outskirts are being bulldozed for a housing development. Ace (Robert Preston) used to be a champ, a great bull rider who once performed in Madison Square Garden and talked to Jack Dempsey as one champion to another. Now he devotes most of his time to hustling up a stake.

His boy, Curly (Joe Don Baker) gave him a fast \$15,000 for the rights to raze the family shack and extend Curly's housing development. Ace blew it all mining in Nevada, "20 feet from the mother lode," but he fed up anyway and wants to move on to Australia.

Ace's other son Junior (Steve McQueen) is a rodeo rider with a single obsession: to ride an especially violent bull, a feat that will spell his father's



STEVE MCQUEEN AS JUNIOR BONNER  
*Looking beyond the guns.*

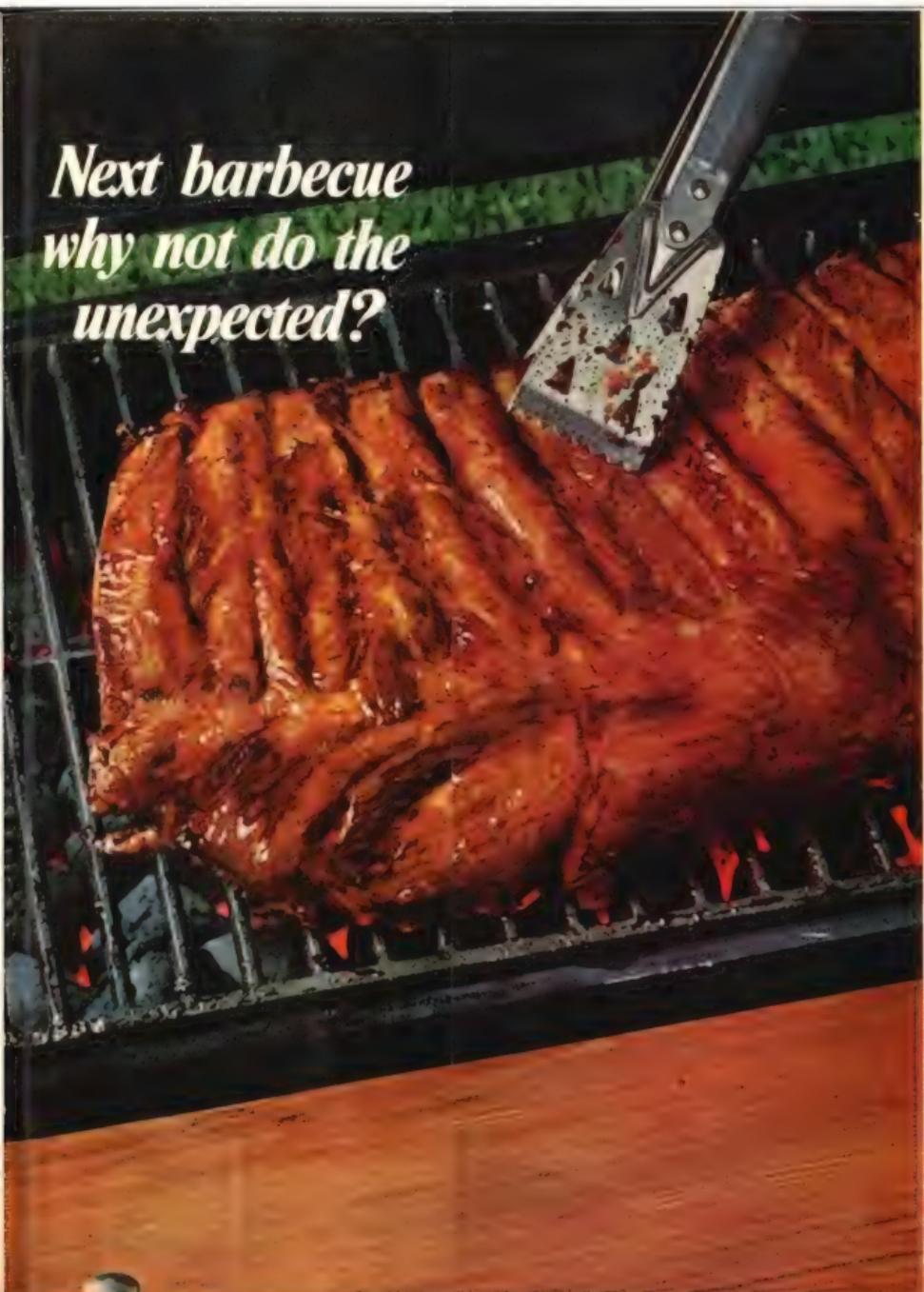
long shadow. Incredibly, Junior triumphs, wins Ace a one-way ticket to Australia and then blows town, letting his father look for a new frontier while Brother Curly plows the old one under.

This is the third in the current bumper crop of rodeo movies (*J.W. Coop* and *The Honkers* have already been released, with *When the Legends Die* yet to come), so there is a certain familiarity in atmosphere and incident. Even if Peckinpah's had been first, though, *Junior Bonner* would still be lackluster stuff. The dialogue is straight Grand Ole Opry, and Peckinpah tries to make it work by underplaying everything, which is like turning down the volume on a bad record instead of switching it off.

Maybe Peckinpah told the wrong story. To judge from *Junior Bonner*, he has little love for the West, and little interest in it. He apparently felt obliged to make some kind of comment on it, but like Ace, his heart lies somewhere else—in the past, or maybe in Australia. Ace Bonner in the outback—there's the real movie.

▪ J.C.

*Next barbecue  
why not do the  
unexpected?*



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**THE TRAVELERS**

## No Lawyer, No Jail

In its landmark *Gideon* decision of 1963, the Supreme Court proclaimed that any indigent person accused of a felony has a right to free counsel. Two years later, the court had a chance to extend this right to people accused of misdemeanors, but for unspecified reasons it chose to pass up the case. If the Warren Court feared to tread such ground, could the more cautious Burger Court be expected to rush in? Last week it did just that—unanimously. From now on, said Justice Douglas, “no person may be imprisoned for any offense unless he was represented by counsel at his trial.”

The impact will be far greater than that of the *Gideon* decision. Only 338,

non-indigent who chooses not to pay for a lawyer need not be assigned one.

Even with such a winnowing, however, the decision means that large numbers of additional attorneys will now be needed to defend indigents. Where will all the lawyers come from? Douglas noted that “there are 18,000 new admissions to the bar each year.” In a separate opinion, Justices Brennan, Douglas and Stewart suggested that law school students might assist indigent defendants under the supervision of a law professor or a practicing attorney.

These proposals ignored the reality that relatively few lawyers go into private criminal practice, and that the modest fees paid for the defense of indigents are not likely to attract many newcomers. States like New York, one of 19 that already provide lawyers for most misdemeanor defendants, have had to expand their public defender services. One approach that may now spread is the practice of the Washington, D.C., bar, which last year adopted a rule calling on every member under 60 and not a Government employee to take his turn representing indigent defendants. The lawyers get hourly fees of \$20 to \$30, up to a maximum of \$400, in misdemeanor cases. So far the plan has had broad cooperation.

Justice Douglas was not unaware of the problems that the ruling presented, but he said the dislocations are necessary: “We do not sit as an ombudsman to direct state courts how to manage their affairs, but only to make clear the federal constitutional requirement.” Justices Powell and Rehnquist felt that the rule should be applied only when “fundamental fairness” requires a lawyer, as they agreed it did in the Argersinger case. But Douglas insisted that a lawyer was a “fundamental right, where an accused is deprived of liberty.” Chief Justice Burger concurred with some hopeful words. Noting that the American Bar Association had five years ago endorsed a similar rule, Burger said that the decision “may well add large new burdens on a profession already overtaxed, but the dynamics of the profession have a way of rising to the burdens placed on it.”

## Other Decisions

► The rules of the Loyal Order of Moose (national membership: 900,000) restrict membership or guest privileges to “male persons of the Caucasian or White race above the age of 21 years, and not married to someone of either the Caucasian or White race, who are of good moral character, physically [Douglas also observed in a footnote that the floods of misdemeanor cases might be reduced considerably if as many experts have recommended, officials stopped prosecuting perpetrators of so-called victimless crimes such as drunkenness, narcotics addiction and vagrancy.]

and mentally normal, who shall profess a belief in a Supreme Being.” Refused service as a guest in both the bar and the dining room of Lodge 107 in Harrisburg, Pa., K. Leroy Irvis, a black Pennsylvania legislator, brought a test suit under the 14th Amendment’s equal-protection clause.

The Supreme Court Justices were broadly agreed that the Constitution does not prohibit private individuals from forming “all-white, all-black, all-brown and all-yellow clubs.” The issue was whether Pennsylvania, by issuing a liquor license to the lodge, was illegally supporting discrimination through state action. Justices Brennan, Douglas and Marshall said it was, since the state issues only a limited number of liquor licenses which it uses to regulate record keeping, physical conditions and even behavior on the premises. Justice Rehnquist, writing for the 6 to 3 majority, disagreed. He declared that the court



SUPREME COURT JUSTICE DOUGLAS  
A fundamental right.

600 persons were charged with felonies during one recent year cited by the court. In contrast, said Douglas, “it is estimated that there are annually between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 court cases involving misdemeanors,” not counting traffic infractions. Misdemeanors vary from state to state, ranging from spitting on the sidewalk to public drunkenness to carrying a concealed weapon—the crime for which a Florida indigent named Jon Richard Argersinger was convicted (it was his trial without counsel that led to the court ruling). Some authorities believe that as many as half of such offenders are indigents, though not all of them will require lawyers. The right to counsel can be waived, or, as Douglas observed, a judge can decide before the trial that he will not impose a prison sentence, thus avoiding the need to assign a lawyer. In addition, a



IRVIS & PLASTIC MOOSE  
No room at the lodge.

should not “utterly emasculate the distinction between private [and] state conduct.” The license regulations, he concluded, “cannot be said to in any way foster or encourage racial discrimination. The Moose are thus free to go on drinking and discriminating.”

► Four years ago the Warren Court ruled, in *Terry v. Ohio*, that a police man investigating suspicious behavior may “stop and frisk” a person for weapons when he “is justified in believing the individual is armed and presently dangerous.” The policeman’s personal observation was thus a key justification for such a search. But Justice Rehnquist, again writing for the 6 to 3 majority, ruled that a “stop and frisk” action was also justified when a Connecticut policeman learned from an informant that a man sitting in a car at 2:15 a.m. in a high crime area was carrying a gun as

Latest U.S. Government figures show  
**PALL MALL MENTHOL 100's**  
**lower in 'tar'**  
**than the**  
**best-selling**  
**menthol king!**



**Yes, longer...yet milder**



PALL MALL MENTHOL 100's... "tar" 18 mg.—nicotine, 1.3 mg.  
Best-selling menthol king..... "tar" 19 mg.—nicotine, 1.4 mg.  
Of all brands, lowest..... "tar" 1 mg.—nicotine, 0.1 mg.

18 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '72.

#### THE LAW

well as some narcotics. The suspect failed to get out of the car as ordered, so the officer reached through the window and found the gun where the tipster said it would be. (The car was subsequently searched and narcotics found in it.) The officer's action under these circumstances, said Rehngquist, "was designed to ensure his safety, and we conclude that it was reasonable." Dissenting, Brennan, Douglas and Marshall worried about the ease with which a policeman could search anyone and then say that an informant had "told" him what to look for. Said Marshall: "Today's decision invokes the specter of a society in which innocent citizens may be stopped, searched and arrested at the whim of police officers."

JIM MOORE—N.Y. DAILY NEWS



CONFORTI HOME AFTER GOVERNMENT VISIT

#### Search and Destroy?

Roofing Contractor John Conforti had just finished dinner when the bell rang at his \$65,000 split-level home in Massapequa, L.I. There on the porch stood two agents of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs with a warrant to search for \$4,000,000 in profits from the sale of heroin. Would he surrender the money? Conforti said he didn't know anything about it. The two then summoned some 20 more agents waiting near by, armed with sledgehammers, crowbars and other wrecking equipment.

They pried the paneling off Conforti's walls, tore up his living room furniture, ripped away aluminum siding, prodded patio tiles loose and dug gaping trenches across the yard. The agents even smashed a toilet bowl to see if the money might be between the inner and outer casings. As the demolition continued, neighbors gathered by the dozens; a Good Humor man pulled up; children peeked in the windows. The agents

went on ripping, tearing and pounding things for nearly 24 hours.

Conforti's problem was that he is married to the sister of Louis Cirillo, a Bronx narcotics dealer who was recently sentenced to 25 years in jail. Last April the police dug up \$1,000,000 in Cirillo's backyard. Some informants then told federal authorities that another \$4,000,000 was hidden in Brother-in-Law Conforti's home. So the agents diligently dug \$50,000 worth of damage, by Conforti's estimate, before they gave up and left, without finding anything.

Conforti, 48, has no criminal record and says he will sue to recover his losses. His lawyer argues that "the search warrant just says they can search—not search and destroy. This isn't Viet



Nam, after all." U.S. law is not all that clear on the point, however. The Constitution forbids "unreasonable searches," but there is virtually no precedent for recovery of monetary damages, according to Columbia Law Professor Abraham D. Sofaer. For Conforti to win, "new law may have to be made."

Who should pay Conforti is also unclear. The Federal Government can plead "sovereign immunity." The individual narcotics agents would be able to claim that they are protected as agents of the Government if they can prove that they acted in "good faith" on the instructions of the search warrant. The bureau's associate regional director, Frank Monastero, who supervised the search, regrets only the failure to find any loot. "We didn't send in a lot of guys with instructions of 'you pound here' and 'you pound there,'" he says. "We went through a series of progressive steps. Whether or not this was reasonable is up to the courts to decide. I personally felt that it was."

As for John Conforti, he and his wife and three children are now pondering their future in a motel.

Latest U.S. Government figures show

# PALL MALL GOLD 100's lower in 'tar' than the best-selling filter king!



## Yes, longer...yet milder

PALL MALL GOLD 100's... "tar" 18 mg.—nicotine, 1.3 mg.  
Best-selling filter king.... "tar" 20 mg.—nicotine, 1.4 mg.  
Of all brands, lowest..... "tar" 1 mg.—nicotine, 0.1 mg.  
18 mg. "tar" 13 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '72.

## MODERN LIVING

### Open Season

A few summers ago teen-age girls discovered that cut-off T shirts or skimpy tops fashioned from a couple of handkerchiefs looked good over their hiphuggers. Everyone who saw them thought they looked good too. Finally getting the message, designers this season have come up with a variety of ingeniously engineered micro-tops, near-nude beachwear, and dresses with deep cleavage, bare backs, bare sides and bare shoulders. The summer of '72 promises to be a wide-open season.

Everyone was clearly bored by three seasons of hemming and hawing. Let-

ever wanted to know and now do not need to ask.

Bill Blass, who "can't remember the last time I did a strapless dress," produced several for his spring collection. Perhaps the most "in" designer of all, Halston, who numbers Jackie Onassis and Candice Bergen among his clients, believes that "the well-exercised body should not be encased." But he wisely concentrates on baring the safest female area for general display—the back. One slinky black jersey by Halston has a centerfold cutout scooped so low that it frames the lady's sacrum, covering only her ilium.

Less may be more, according to the

courage, but there is plenty of that on the beaches of southern France, where women of all ages have been going topless for at least three years. Even in the more conservative U.S., predicts Rudi Gernreich, the inventor of the short-lived topless suit of 1964, "in five years people will be swimming nude in public places—it's healthier."

The new styles have certainly been healthy for purveyors of women's clothing. New York's Bonwit Teller ran a newspaper ad on March 1 featuring three bareback tops. "We sold 800 of them from that one ad," says Fashion Director Danny Zarem. Sellouts are also reported in Los Angeles, Paris and London.

How will men react? Some women worry that the Bare Look could lead to an unwanted increase in male attention.



THE STRAPLESS GOWN . . .



THE BACKLESS TOP . . .



THE FRONTLESS DRESS

One possible way to solve the engineering problem: "Three-in-one halter crisscross décolleté convertible."

tung skirts fall where they may this summer, designers to a man—and woman—have transferred their attention topside. The new mini-tops can go over anything and everything—long skirts, loose-fitting slacks, short skirts, hot pants. Designer Betsey Johnson, for instance, has turned out abbreviated leotard tops that can be worn in the office or in the pool, along with abbreviated "baby sweaters," a relatively warm way to stay cool (*see color, overleaf*). Scott Barrie's polka-dotted backless vests tentatively shield 30% of the upper torso of women with the nerve—and the figure—to wear them.

The traditional way of barring the female breast is to undrape from the top down. The new approach is from either side, or even from the bottom up. One of the more radical of the new styles is the muslin wrapping sold by Manhattan's Henri Bendel. Imported from Greece, it grazes only the top of the bosom, revealing underneath all you

new designers, but for Architect Ludwig Mies van der Rohe's dictum to be true, as he well knew, careful attention must be paid to structure, to supports, to underpinnings. Barrie frankly uses narrow crisscross straps back or front. Crahay of Lanvin hangs his backless clothes from tied stock collars. Donald Brooks has engineered foundations into his backless dresses, so secure that a woman can even "curls and not fall out," he claims. But for women who want to be both bare and bra-ed, complicated problems lie ahead. One possibility is the "three-in-one halter crisscross décolleté convertible," which, though it sounds like an automobile, is actually an all-purpose wisp of lingerie.

With so much seminudity on the streets, it is not surprising that our oufits have reached a new nadir in coverage. The most daring of all are the "monokinis"—topless and almost bottomless suits that have been pared to fig-leaf proportions. Wearing them takes

"Girls are afraid the guys won't leave them alone if they wear the Bare Look to the office," says one boutique manager. That fear may be exaggerated; the plethora of skin might result in more boredom than enticement. Already Designer Stan Herman, who spends much of his day around women dressed in seminude styles, says, "I find girls in tight little sweaters much sexier."

**The Nude Look.** "Bareness is the expression of our times," declares Monika Tilley, Austrian-born sportswear designer. Her effort to give "the wearer maximum exposure" is clearly successful in the bathing suit at the right. As with some bikinis, the top and bottom are sold separately. This enables women of unorthodox proportions to jigger the sizes as they must, but might in time encourage the economical shopper to go topless to the beach—or bottomless.





## Stravinsky's Boswell

The late Igor Stravinsky's life was the best documented of any composer's since Beethoven. Why? Largely because of a bespectacled, quizzical-looking musician named Robert Craft, 48. For the last 23 years of Stravinsky's life, Craft served the old master as rehearsal conductor, aide, intellectual catalyst, amanuensis and surrogate son. Moreover, Craft worked with Stravinsky on innumerable magazine articles and six semi-autobiographical books—a series that is supplemented this week by the publication of Craft's *Stravinsky: Chronicle of a Friendship 1948/1971* (Knopf, \$12.50).

Throughout this distinctive musical and literary collaboration, Craft projected to a wide audience the by now familiar portrait of Stravinsky in his later years—sprightly as a grasshopper, wittily witty, avid for new words, new ideas and new music right up to his death at 88. By general agreement, Craft did Stravinsky and the world a favor of Boswellian proportions.

Or did he? Another former associate of the composer challenges the validity of the Craft portrait. She is Lilian Libman, 59, Stravinsky's personal manager and sometime member of his menage. In *An Music at the Close: Stravinsky's Last Years*, a memoir that will be published this fall by W.W. Norton, Libman contends that Stravinsky was actually more abstemious with words and less waspish and argumentative than the Craft collaborations suggest. Indeed, she maintains, many of the words are not Stravinsky's at all but Craft's. Libman calls into question Stravinsky's supposedly keen interest in new music, his thirst for prolonging feuds with colleagues and critics, his hardened style as a polemicist, even the authenticity of two recordings supposedly made by the composer.

Libman's charges have set off one of the liveliest feuds the music world has seen in decades. Among her supporters is Composer-Conductor Pierre Boulez, an authority on Stravinsky and his music, who accuses Craft of "a great falsification of the image of Stravinsky." The *New York Times*, the initial

forum for Libman's charges, has also divulged what might be called the crayfish caper. In 1966, a story appeared in the *Times* under Craft's byline describing a visit by Stravinsky to Strasbourg, France. According to Craft: "After unpacking [Stravinsky] sped to the roof restaurant ostensibly for a view of the old city, which clings to the cathedral like chicks around the mother hen, but he was soon seated and consuming crayfish at an alarming rate."

Actually, Stravinsky fell ill in Paris and never arrived in Strasbourg. Craft deleted the anecdote from some late editions of the *Times*, then resuscitated it in 1969 as the prologue to the Stravinsky/Craft *Retrospectives and Conclusions*, with the composer still eating crayfish "at an alarming rate," but this time in Paris. "For some of us," wrote the *Times*'s music critic Donal Henahan, "Robert Craft has dissipated his credibility as historian and biographer, though he may still command our admiration as the Georgette Heyer or Thomas B. Costain of musical history."

The composer's widow Vera, 80, with whom Craft now shares the Stravinsky apartment on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, does not agree. She says stoutly that Craft's Stravinsky too—in spite of an occasional stray date or place. Craft dismisses most of what Libman says as the "mole's eye view" of a part-time employee, not a close friend. No one seriously disputes that Craft knew Stravinsky's mind and musical habits better than anyone else, including the composer's family. "In many ways, I was closer to him than his wife, because music was our language," Craft told TIME Music Critic William Bender. "When I first met him, he was living in a refugee world. He valued me because I was young and his first real touch with America. Stravinsky made a cultural switch. He began eating hamburgers on tours and staying in motels. One night we even slept in the same bed. Put that in your story. That'll give 'em something to talk about."

"Later on, I kept his nose to the grindstone. Stravinsky was never self-sustaining. All his life, people had to help him, feed him ideas, furnish him with books, which he read omnivorously once he got them. Where our relationship is important is in all the music he might never have composed but for me. What I'm waiting for is somebody to say 'thank you' for what I did."

Craft is not saying that he composed or rewrote any of the music of Stra-

vinsky's last two decades, nor has anyone else suggested that. But Craft was indispensable to Stravinsky's conducting career, which brought the old man fees of up to \$8,000 a performance. For 20 years, Craft led most of Stravinsky's rehearsals, then yielded to the composer while the audience filed in, or, in the case of recording sessions, when the control-room light went on. A one-time research assistant to Composer Arnold Schoenberg, Craft in his own right is an able conductor of early music (Gesualdo) and the ultramoderns (Webern to Varèse). His knack for conducting Stravinsky will be displayed this week at Manhattan's Lincoln Center, when he leads the *Symphony of Psalms* and other works for the New York City Ballet's Stravinsky Festival.

Libman's charge that it was Craft who actually presided over two Stravinsky recordings and not the composer,



**STRAVINSKY & CRAFT CONFERRING AT REHEARSAL IN 1951**  
A cultural switch to hamburgers and motels.

as advertised by Columbia Records, turns out to be true. The recordings, Craft conceded to TIME, are the *Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra* (1968) and *Dances Concertantes* (1971), each with a Columbia recording orchestra. The first was described as "supervised by" the composer, the second as "conducted by" him, when in fact Stravinsky was present at neither session. *Capriccio* has since been withdrawn; *Dances Concertantes* is still available.

Craft now admits that Stravinsky's contribution to the Stravinsky/Craft books grew less active as the series went along. "Save for the normal editing by the publisher, the words in the first three books are Stravinsky talking," says Craft. The last three? "Well, you might say they are paraphrases of his words." To his credit, Craft says that if he had to do it over again, he would make clearer how the collaboration worked. But what is called for now is a post-factum explanation or sorting out that will enable scholars, musicologists, historians and music lovers to tell where Stravinsky's art left off and his Craft began.

**The Nude Look Continued.** (Top, left to right) Halston's bikini dress; Betsey Johnson's "baby sweaters" (Second row) Stephen Burrows' backless pant-suit; strapless side-buttoned swimsuit imported from France; Scott Barrie's no-back vest. (Third row) Muslim wrapping imported from Greece; John Kloss's bikini-topping skirt and cotton evening dress. (Bottom) Johnson's abbreviated leotard tops and Barrie's back-baring jersey evening dress.

## MARKETING/COVER STORY

## Polaroid's Big Gamble on Small Cameras

**W**HEN President Nixon travels abroad, what do members of his official entourage do in their spare time? They take amateur pictures of the memorable sights. At the Great Wall of China, Nixon's personal secretary, Rose Mary Woods, happily snapped away like any ordinary tourist. In Warsaw, Presidential Aide H.R. Haldeman leaned out of a moving car to take pictures of a friendly crowd—and he was hanged up when the vehicle suddenly lurched to a stop. Whether abroad or at home, Americans are in the midst of a photo binge, taking more and more amateur pictures of people, places and things.

The new popularity is transforming photography from mere hobby to a natural, even essential way of looking at the world and capturing life as it is. Photo galleries, many selling the work of professionals at \$25 per print and up, have opened by the dozen in large cities. The craft has found some of its most devoted followers among the young, who increasingly strive to document their own new lifestyles and find photography, with its blending of technology and aesthetics, an honest way to do so. As a part of this view-finding process, photography has become one of the fastest growing subjects in education: photography courses are offered at some 700 universities, junior colleges and adult education centers. Tens of thousands of Viet Nam vets have become serious about photography after buying expensive 35-mm cameras at big discounts in the Far East. At rock concerts and in youth hangouts from Central Park's Bethesda Fountain to California's Santa Monica beach, there are almost as many camera straps as headbands in evidence.

Some 42 million Americans, or about one in five, are photographers of one sort or another. Amateurs snap away at an astonishing rate, taking more than 5 billion pictures annually, or about 158 each second, night and day, all year long. Their purchases of film, cameras, flashbulbs and processing services are the backbone of a more than \$4 billion-a-year industry. The Bureau of Labor Statistics estimates that photography will be the second- or third-

fastest growing industry in the economy during the 1970s, rising an average 8% or 9% a year.

The public's interest in photography has always leaped highest whenever new cameras, making picture-taking even simpler and more reliable, have reached the market. This year, for the first time in nearly a decade, cameras and films for amateurs are undergoing a revolutionary change. The new American cameras are not only easy to op-

timize, priced from about \$28 to \$128 and weighing from 5.6 oz. to 9 oz. Only one inch thick and capable of being tucked into a shirt pocket, they produce remarkably true color prints that are one-third again as large as those processed from the old-style Instamatics, which were more than three times bulkier. The more expensive models automatically control exposure and tell photographers when to use a flash cube. Next week Kodak will turn out the one-millionth new pocket camera, and company chiefs hope to sell 4,000,000 during the first year. So far, they cannot keep up with demand, and there are waiting lists for Instamatics at many stores.

The most startling—and certainly the costliest—of the new generation of cameras is a box of magic from Polaroid, the developer of instant photography. Like all previous Polaroid Land cameras, the compact new camera will almost certainly bear the name of its inventor, Edwin Herbert Land, the founder, president, chairman and research director of Polaroid. Dark-eyed and quite youthful for his 63 years, Land looks every inch the scientific genius. A paradoxical person, he alternates between lives as laboratory recluse and businessman-philosopher. He can be intensely shy and awkwardly unsure in face-to-face conversation. Yet he is capable of spellbinding audiences with glimpses into new scientific frontiers. Land is revered by his employees, stockholders and even his competitors to a greater degree than almost any other corporate chief in the U.S. He so greatly personifies his company that top executives at competing Kodak nearly always refer to the Polaroid Corp. as "he" or "him." Says Kodak Vice President Van Phillips: "Someday Edwin Land will be ranked with Thomas Edison and Alexander Graham Bell." He quickly adds: "And George Eastman" (the Kodak founder).

For the past seven years Land has devoted his life to his new camera. He made the daring gamble of sinking nearly a quarter-billion dollars of Polaroid's money into its development, constructing huge plants before he knew whether the camera would work, or even how it would look. Yet with characteristic

LAND IN CAMBRIDGE HOLDING SX-70 IN OPEN POSITION

*Now the era of pocket photography.*

erate but, more important, easy to carry. They are so compact, compared with their predecessors, that they can be tucked in pocket or purse, more like a wallet or a pack of cigarettes than a piece of hand luggage. The era of pocket photography is here, and it promises to make the camera a spectacularly more usable possession. If leaders of the photo industry are right, many consumers will want to carry one around nearly everywhere, having it ready to employ as a kind of visual notepad.

The small-camera sweepstakes began three months ago when Kodak introduced its five-model line of pocket



KODAK'S POCKET INSTAMATIC, MODEL 20

disregard for details—sometimes crucial ones—he still has not settled on a model name for the small Polaroid Land camera, which is scheduled to reach dealers' shelves in limited numbers late this fall. Around Polaroid headquarters in Cambridge, Mass., the camera is referred to by its project designation, SX-70, and the film for it already rolling off the assembly lines is being packaged in blank boxes, which will be imprinted when Land finally makes up his mind. The camera is just the first of what eventually will be a whole family of pocket Polaroids.

The SX-70 will sell for at least \$100 and perhaps for as much as \$175. (For fear of completely halting sales on its higher-priced current models, Polaroid refuses to disclose the exact price of its new one.) Can the mass market possibly bear that price? Land answers extravagantly: "I think this camera can have the same impact as the telephone on the way people live." Polaroid salesmen are so sure of the SX-70's appeal that they speak of rationing it among dealers and predict that every unit produced in the first twelve months—perhaps 1,000,000 or more—will sell instantly. Reason: the new camera eliminates just about all the bugs that have annoyed Polaroid owners, including Land, for the past 24 years.

**Garbage-Free.** When folded, the SX-70 is about half the size of many old models, small enough (about 1 1/10 in. by 4 1/5 in. by 7 in.) to fit into the breast pocket of a man's jacket. It weighs 26 oz. and is completely automatic, even to film advancement, which has had to be done manually (and sometimes faultily) in all previous models. The most unreal thing about the SX-70 is its film, which will cost no more than current Polaroid color film (about 45¢ per picture). Flicking out of the camera only 1.2 sec. after exposure, the pictures at first are a mass of opaque blue-gray, then slowly develop within four minutes in full view of the photographer. Sheathed in unscratchable plastic and backed by a thin coating of titanium, they are dry to the touch even while developing, in welcome contrast to the sticky prints and paper wrappers that have always before been part of Polaroid photography. There are no chemical-laden negatives to throw away; this is a "garbage-free" process. Finally, the new film produces brilliant color. Not everyone agrees with Land that the SX-70 is "a wholly new medium," but industry leaders are unanimous that it is a stunning technological achievement.

Rarely in U.S. business history has any company tampered so drastically with a product that is already so successful. Since introducing its first "snap it, see it" cameras in Boston's Jordan Marsh department store in 1948, Polaroid has marketed some 26 million of them; today it sells more cameras in the \$50-and-over class than all other companies in the world combined. However, sales really began to take off when

the company broke the cost barrier on earlier models and produced Polaroids that retailed at discount for as little as \$15. Since 1961, revenues have risen by 400%, to last year's \$504 million, making Polaroid one of the fastest growing companies of modern times.

As a result, Polaroid stock is one of the favorite glamour issues on Wall Street. Anyone who invested \$1,000 in the company in 1938 today has stock worth \$3,575,000. Indeed, an investment of \$1,000 in Polaroid ten years ago has grown to at least \$4,750. The shares held by Land and his family, who control 15% of the total, are worth about half a billion dollars, probably making him the world's richest scientist.

For all his success, Land was convinced as early as 1963 that if Polaroid owners could get a small, easily portable, nonmessy instant-picture camera, they would buy huge numbers of them—and far more of Polaroid's high-profit film than they now do. Thus, Land undertook the greatest camera quest of his career: development of the SX-70. "The program to create our new camera was like a siren," he says. "She never came clean to say whether she meant to succeed or not, but she never let us escape."

The effort was divided into separate projects for film and camera, and Land plunged into both, often disappearing for weeks at a time to work 18-hour days in his laboratory. His constant shuffling between projects unnerved some associates. Recalls Assistant Vice President Christopher Ingraham: "When we seemed to be putting all our efforts into camera design, someone would say, 'God damn it, Dr. Land, how about making the film?' And he would reply, 'Oh, that's all taken care of, don't worry about that.' Actually, the film people couldn't believe their ears."

Disappointments littered the way. Land originally wanted to design a camera that did not have to be unfolded before becoming usable. But after testing several mock-ups, including one that

electronically scanned the picture area, he decided that the negative needed for Polaroid photography was too large for any lens that could not be extended outward simply by a bellows. By the time he returned to the concept of a pop-out model, two years had been lost.

Yet the time was probably gained back by moments of sheer inspiration, scientific and otherwise. While searching for a small but powerful motor to run the new camera, a Polaroid engineer had the unusual insight one afternoon that the motors used to run his son's toy race cars might work. The next day Polaroid researchers invaded a Boston hobby shop and eventually modeled the SX-70 motor on an electric-train engine that they spotted there. While mulling over the complaint of a Polaroid owner, who had phoned all the way from Africa to protest that he could not find a replacement for his used-up battery, Land decided that the power cells that ran the complex mechanism of the SX-70 camera should be put in the film pack rather than inside the instrument itself. Polaroid engineers designed a wafer-thin battery that will be packaged inside every container of SX-70 film. The film is exposed by a tricky system of mirrors, including one that lifts up to reflect the final image (see diagram, page 82).

The most daring concept in the new camera involves the film. Determined not to waste the SX-70 photographer's

POLAROID SX-70 IN CLOSED POSITION



## BUSINESS

time by making him wait for pictures to develop inside the camera. Land ordered his chemists to find a way to let the pictures develop outside. His suggestion: find an "opacifier" (from the word opaque) that would cloud the film and block out light rays, while special developing chemicals did their work. A team of 25 chemists worked for four years to produce such an agent. When they brought the first bottle of it to Land's office, he gave them a cake inscribed: "From darkness there shall come light." The film's treated negative, only one three-hundredth of an inch thick, contains no fewer than eight chemical layers, some of them the thickness of a red light wave (about .00002 in.).

If Edwin Land had his way, the sum total of public knowledge about

on a single, straight plane. Among other things, polarized light produces far less glare than diffused light. Scientists have long known that certain calcite crystals can do the job of filtering. Land's accomplishment was in polarizing light with other materials, including polyvinyl alcohol sheets and various forms of iodine. He became so engrossed in his discoveries that he dropped out of school to pursue them and never returned to graduate. Though he is called Dr. Land by almost everyone, his doctoral degrees are all honorary, including one from Harvard.

He continued his research in the New York Public Library, in a rented room on Manhattan's West 55th Street, and in a Columbia University physics lab, which he occasionally got into by

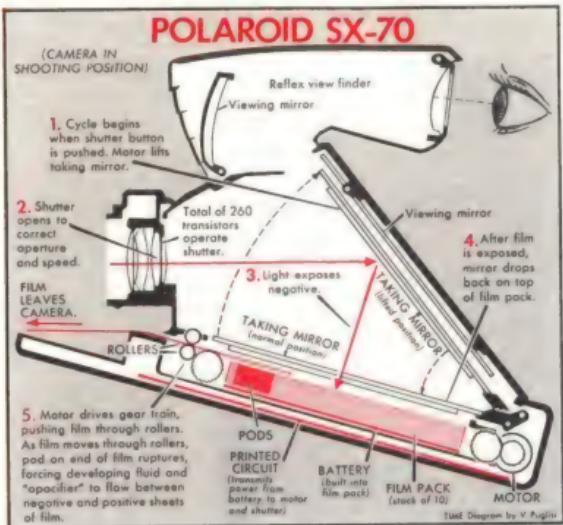
vinced that the reduced glare would make night driving much safer. But manufacturers noted that the polarizing sheets deteriorated when exposed to heat, and they showed little interest. Even so, the idea is still not completely dead. In the past few years, experiments with polarized headlights have been sponsored by the U.S. and Canadian governments. Depending on their outcome, the first Land dream might still come true.

Fortunately for both inventor and company, Polaroid managed to market its idea in other forms. Polaroid non-glare sunglasses, introduced in 1937, fared well with consumers, and the company still sells 25 million pairs of lenses annually. Polaroid grew quickly during World War II, producing goggles, glasses and filters, but it sagged after the war ended. In 1947 the company lost \$2,000,000; it sorely needed to develop new products. Naturally, Land was ready with an idea.

**Expensive Toy.** While vacationing in Santa Fe with his family in 1943, Land had his three-year-old daughter Jennifer pose for some pictures on a walk. The child asked how long it would be until she could see them. Land, who had been interested in photography since childhood, immediately began wondering how photos might be developed and printed right inside the camera. He now claims jokingly that by the time he and Jennifer returned from their walk, he had solved all the problems "except for the ones that it has taken from 1943 to 1972 to solve." Actually, he managed to work out enough of the bugs to announce the invention of "instant photography" to an amazed group of optical scientists early in 1947 and to put the first Polaroid Land camera on sale late in 1948. The "Model 95" weighed nearly 4 lbs., produced sepia-toned pictures of varying quality and retailed for \$89.75.

The basic developing process in the Model 95 has been greatly refined but remains the same even in Polaroid's new small camera. A negative is exposed, then brought into contact with a positive print sheet, and both are drawn between a pair of rollers. In the process, a small pod of jelly-like chemicals attached to the positive is ruptured and spread across the sheet. Within seconds, the finished picture is ready. The other new feature of the Model 95 was Land's "exposure value system," which reduced the previously complex calculation of shutter speed and lens opening to a simple dial adjustment. Variations of it have since become standard on all but the most inexpensive cameras.

To the astonishment of photography professionals, who had written off the Polaroid as an expensive toy, Model 95 turned out profits almost as fast as it turned out pictures. Sales spurred further ahead each time Land dangled a new improvement before customers, which he did with increasing regularity: black and white film in 1950, 15-second



his life would not be much thicker. Extremely wary of publicity, he has held only three press conferences in his career and refuses to speak about himself to all but a few close friends. The son of a merchant, Land was raised near Norwich, Conn., and in 1926 graduated from Norwich Academy with near-perfect marks. His high school physics teacher, Raymond Case, recalls that in his senior year Land "was already working at a level where I couldn't help him." He was also a prize-winning debater and a member of the Norwich track team.

The Polaroid empire was founded on the results of experiments performed by Land as an 18-year-old Harvard student in 1928. He was experimenting with ways to polarize light, a process in which rays in a beam of light are screened out unless they are traveling

climbing through an unlocked window after closing hours. His lab assistant in the early years was his wife, the former Helen ("Terre") Maislen, who subsequently retired to raise the Land's two daughters, Jennifer and Valerie, both now married. Land has always been extremely close to his family. He and Mrs. Land live quietly in a rambling New England house on Cambridge's Brattle Street, two miles from his office.

It took another nine years for Land to perfect the polarizing process and decide how it could be marketed. As with most of his other projects, Land tried to start big. In 1937 he set up the Polaroid Corp. in a former tobacco wholesaler's building on Boston's Columbus Avenue with the plan of selling Detroit's automakers on the idea of putting his polarizers in the sun visors and headlights of all new cars. Land was con-



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## BUSINESS

pictures and a camera with an automatic exposure system in 1960, color film and film cartridges in 1963, the low-priced Swinger in 1965, and most recently a pair of low-priced color cameras, the Colorpack II in 1969 and the Square Shooter in 1971.

Many of these models were previewed during Land's now-legendary appearances at Polaroid's annual meetings, at which he stages a modern magic-lantern show to demonstrate the company's latest marvels. Several thousand people, including armies of securities analysts and newsmen, attend these af-

fairs. To show off the SX-70 last April, Land set up a dozen displays—ranging from a simulated children's birthday party to a collection of antique minatures—at which Polaroid employees clicked away with the new cameras.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Polaroid is that it has grown huge by creating products for which there was little detectable demand, until Edwin Land thought of them. Each is, as Land says, *sui generis*—in a class by itself. That distinction makes conventional market research, in the words of one of his marketing executives, "a waste

of time and money." Polaroid did not spend a single dollar trying to discern in advance whether people would actually buy the SX-70.

For Polaroid the SX-70 is a pivotal business development. Following a favorite Land dictum—"Never do what others can do for you"—the company has always before relied heavily on outside contractors to assemble its cameras and large parts of its film packs. For the past several years Polaroid has bought \$50 million worth of color negatives from Kodak and then done the rest of the work in turning them into

## "The Most Basic Form of Creativity"

*As he posed for TIME's cover portrait, Edwin Land at times seemed as shy and ill at ease as are most other people when facing a faceless lens. Yet the founder of Polaroid has had more opportunity than most professionals to consider photography both as science and art. In a rare interview with TIME Correspondent Philip Taubman, Land voiced some of his thoughts:*

**A** PHOTOGRAPH fills different needs at different times in life. One of our deepest needs comes in early childhood. The world around the child is shifting and fleeting and unreliable and hazardous. It cannot be retained; it is constantly slipping away. To a child, a photograph gives a permanent thing that is



both outside himself and part of himself. He gets a new kind of security from every picture he takes.

I remember the first picture that I developed as a child. It was a picture of our French poodle. The dog was always unavailable to me. He was always running away; there were

things he had to do at night as he roamed through the countryside. Then there was the picture I took of him. There I had him. He couldn't get away.

As we grow older, photographs fill other needs. The world recedes from us. A photograph makes permanent our own perception of a portion of that world, particularly a perception that we care about.

I find each new person whom I meet a complete restatement of what life and the world are all about. The individualization of people—individualization of spirit, taste, emotion—this is what makes life ageless. For me, then, to search out people's faces, using photographs to retain some of what

we see and feel when we are with them, is a very important application of photography.

Look at each of us right now. As we look around, this seems an unforgettable moment; yet we will forget it, and that's sad. A photograph could save it. If I were to take your picture, I would not be able to get into the picture everything I sense when I look at you, but I would capture enough of what I sense so that when I looked at the picture later it would bring back almost everything.

There are perceptions that people can never fully experience without photography. There is the type of scene caught by Cartier-Bresson—people running across a Paris street. That is action we would see only from the corner of our eye; yet he captures it permanently. His picture is not rigidification of the mobile; it is an entrapment of motion. Analogously, in Ansel Adams' monumental scenic pictures, the world stops for human time to flow by.

Irresistibly, you share a photograph with someone who is with you, and he or she gets a deeper insight into you as well as what you discerned. When you see the best picture I took of you, for example, you will know a little bit more, not just about yourself, but also about me. The fact that I could see you the way I did should be a comforting thing to you, because you know that a nebulous feeling you have about yourself, something you like about yourself, is transferable to someone else.

It bothers us at Polaroid to see a world that could be ever so much more tender and benevolent if the full potential of science were realized. We think photography is a field through which that potential can be achieved. That's the wonderful thing about photography—you can have an inner world of science and an outer world of aesthetics.

I think the new camera can have an impact on the way people live. I hope it can become a natural part of people. It can make a person pause in his rush through life. It will help him to focus himself on some aspect of life, and in the process, enrich his life at that moment. This happens as you focus through the view finder. It's not merely the camera you are focusing; you are focusing yourself. That's an integration of your personality, right that second. Then when you touch the button, what's inside you comes out. It's the most basic form of creativity. Part of you is now permanent.

At its best, photography can be an extra sense, or a reservoir for the senses. Even when you don't press the trigger, the exercise of focusing through a camera can make you better remember thereafter a person or a moment. When we had flowers in this office recently to use as test objects, it was a great experience to take pictures of them. I learned to know each rose. I now know more about roses and leaves, and that enriched my life. Photography can teach people to look, to feel, to remember in a way that they didn't know they could.



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## BUSINESS

film packs. But in bringing out its new camera, the company has made a major turn-around and converted itself into a big manufacturer, building five plants in the Boston area to produce the entire film package and assemble the camera's major components. Together, the plants are capable of turning out as many high-ticket SX-70s as Polaroid now sells in all price ranges.

Polaroid is still nowhere near self-sufficient. Without even being able to show them a finished mock-up, Land persuaded nearly a dozen big corporations—including Corning Glass, Texas Instruments, General Electric and Ray-O-Vac—to make major capital commitments to produce the SX-70's complex, 260-transistor circuit, power cells, lens and flash system. But Polaroid is pro-

has scored an important breakthrough in motion-picture photography. It has brought out two new 8-mm. cameras and a high-speed Ektachrome film that enable photographers to shoot movies indoors with no special lighting. In fact, the cameras produce adequate close-in pictures even when the only lighting is the candle power of a lit-up birthday cake. The bother of setting up floodlights has previously been the main drag on sales of movie cameras, which are now used by only 13% of U.S. families.

Even so, Kodak is painfully embarrassed at finding itself so far behind in instant photography. Convinced for years that Polaroid could never find a camera inexpensive enough to tap the mass market, Kodak's chiefs were finally toppled from their complacency by the success of the Polaroid Swinger in the mid-'60s, and they ordered a hurry-up research project into an alternate system of instant photography. Land was no longer simply an ingenious inventor and customer; he was an enlarging and possibly troublesome competitor. Kodak executives were surprised by the high quality of the color prints produced by Land's small new camera.

Kodak reports that it is pouring

and market instant-photo cameras, but that will not be easy. Polaroid employs no fewer than 25 patent attorneys, who have erected a blockade of some 1,000 patents around the Polaroid process. Though rights to the original Land inventions in instant photography have long since expired, no would-be competitor has been able to jump ahead of those that are still tightly protected. Thus, to an astonishing degree, Polaroid has no direct competition.

**No ID.** Polaroid is anything but a conventional corporate giant. It has no long-term debt, because Land is convinced that he should be "financially conservative and technologically audacious." In Cambridge, the company seems to feed on the intellectual and technological ferment of neighboring Harvard and M.I.T.—where Land occasionally teaches courses in specialized sciences—and sometimes on social ferment as well. Soon after the Kent State killings in 1970, Polaroid employees were invited to send any message of their choosing to President Nixon at company expense: some 2,200 did so. Polaroid technicians have gone to extreme lengths to protect the environment, once even rigging a costly twist in pipes leading from a chemical plant in order to save several trees. One of Land's personal embarrassments—until the "garbage-free" SX-70 film was designed—was the amount of litter that his product created.

Land has built Polaroid very close to his own self-image—part scientist and part humanitarian philosopher. The latter side of the corporation's personality is most strongly expressed in its extraordinarily forward-looking community-relations program, which has served as a model for other big corporations. Polaroid now donates money or some other form of assistance to 143 community projects in the Boston area, including day-care centers and tutoring projects. Says Cambridge Mayor Barbara Ackerman, a Democrat and social activist: "Polaroid is the only industry in this city that you can go to for money, for land or for some other contribution to the community. Polaroid considers itself a neighbor and actually does neighborly things."

Polaroid is interested in the world far beyond its immediate neighborhood. The company's community relations director, Robert Palmer, recently spent ten days helping mediate a prisoner revolt at Massachusetts' Walpole state prison, and has condemned as dehumanizing a proposed ID card system for Massachusetts welfare recipients—even though an ID system pioneered by Polaroid might well have been used. This year the company reached a longtime goal of employing one black in each ten jobs, about the same ratio as blacks in the total population.

As a socially conscious corporation, Polaroid is also, as Palmer puts it, "a choice target." In October 1970, a dozen black-militant employees tacked up



LAND SHOWING FIRST PRINTS IN 1947  
Look what daddy did.

ducing film for the SX-70 from scratch; that move will gradually sever its long-standing, and usually amicable, association with Kodak, as customers switch to the SX-70 and its less expensive successors. As a result, Polaroid stands to cash in even more on film sales, which account for half its revenues and are by far the most profitable part of the photography business. Kodak reportedly collects an 80% pretax profit on the millions of little yellow boxes of film that it sells annually.

Nobody has watched Polaroid's growth with keener interest than the chiefs of Kodak, the Rochester giant built on George Eastman's first "little black box" in 1888. Kodak has undoubtedly lost ground to Polaroid but is still a mammoth company which had sales last year of \$3 billion from photo products, synthetic fibers (Kodel) and chemicals.

Eastman's successors are developing many innovative cameras of their own. Besides producing the new pocket Instamatics, which are expected eventually to outnumber the 60-million old-size units in use, Kodak in the last year



EASTMAN TAKING MOTION PICTURES IN 1920

"very substantial funds" into instant photography. Land says that Kodak researchers still "don't know where they're going" with an instant process. Some stock analysts, however, believe that the company plans to market its own instant film process for use in Polaroid cameras as early as 1973. These experts are convinced that any camera buff—even a Polaroid owner—would automatically have faith in a new yellow-box product. Meanwhile, there is much speculation that Kodak and Polaroid are racing each other to introduce—some time in the next few years—instant slides and instant movie film.

Certainly Kodak is eager to make

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## BUSINESS

posters on Polaroid bulletin boards accusing the company of supporting *apartheid* in South Africa by allowing its cameras and film to be used in internal passports and by paying much lower wages there to blacks than whites. The charges turned out to be embarrassingly accurate. Even though the Polaroid operation in South Africa is owned by an independent distributor rather than by the parent corporation, Land was deeply hurt by the employee protest. He decided on a novel solution: he asked a group of employees, including blacks, to visit South Africa and study the case. "Your decision will be implemented, whatever it is," he promised. The group eventually agreed unanimously to stop selling to the government but to continue other operations in South Africa, while ordering Polaroid's distributor to upgrade black wages.

**For the Amateur.** In the U.S., Polaroid has upgraded many employees by setting up a unique apprentice system, in which blue-collar workers are assigned to become aides to experienced researchers. "In about two years we find that these people have become almost a Pygmalion problem," says Land. "They have become creative." Indeed, Land believes that almost anything can be accomplished, including the remaking of people. In his drive for breakthroughs, scientific and social, he is always experimenting. While visiting London two years ago, he startled his driver by exclaiming: "Did you know that I am an addict? I am addicted to at least one good experiment a day."

One reason for Polaroid's success is Land's unabashed cultivation of the nonexpert photographer. According to Consultant Augustus Wolfman, who publishes a widely read annual study of the photo industry, some 70% of amateurs' pictures are taken of people, especially babies, relatives and guests at special occasions like birthday parties. Because so many of an amateur's pictures are taken at home or close to home, most of the disadvantages of the current Land cameras—the bulkiness, the throwaway negatives—do not really pose problems. On the other hand, their principal advantage—immediate

viewing—is a major asset. Land argues that what the company has to offer its customers is "the realization of an impulse: see it, touch it, have it." Reflecting this, the company's advertisements show informal Polaroid photos of children and family groups. By contrast, Kodak's camera ads emphasize not the subject but the camera itself.

Not everyone is convinced that advances in popular photography bring the medium any closer to realizing its aesthetic potential. Says Peter Bunnell, curator of photography at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art: "Land could invent new cameras every hour and still would not increase the awareness of photography as a creative medium because his cameras are designed for the amateur." Yet few golden ages can occur without first exciting the interest of amateurs, whether as onlookers or as the sources of real artistic talent. Takateru Koakimoto, design chief at Japan's Nikon Inc., recalls that after the original Instamatics were marketed in the mid-'60s, "we began to see so many Americans graduate from their Instamatics and in no time at all switch to our more advanced cameras."

Sales of the sophisticated Japanese cameras are clicking up fast in the U.S. and have wiped out practically all competition from German models. Still, the Japanese marketed only about 1,000,000 cameras in the U.S. last year, capturing under 10% of unit sales. Japanese manufacturers, in fact, refer to the U.S. as a "developing market."

For the foreseeable future, the majority of American amateurs still appear to want a simple, basic instrument for taking pictures, the kind that Kodak and Polaroid have consistently been first to provide. Does that mean that amateur photography will always be a minor craft, an exercise in using ever simpler cameras to take ever more pictures of babies, barbecues and baseball games but little else? Edwin Land does not think so. "Every good picture we take—one that is taken with care—should make our lives that much bigger," he says. "Photography is an illustration of the use of technology not to estrange, but to reveal and unite people."

POCKET INSTAMATICS BEING TURNED OUT AT CAPACITY RATE IN ROCHESTER



## MILESTONES

**Died.** Saul Alinsky, 63, radical activist and organizer who for more than three decades taught the poor and oppressed how to fight for change: of a heart attack; in Carmel, Calif. The Chicago-born son of a Russian tailor, Alinsky first tasted combat when he sided with dissident miners against John L. Lewis during the 1930s. Inspired by the era's mass organizing methods, Alinsky set up a training school for organizers, the Industrial Areas Foundation. With pickets, boycotts and stockholder revolts, he worked in behalf of impoverished Irish Americans in Chicago, unemployed blacks in Rochester, Chicanoos in California and even tax-burdened middle-class whites in Pittsburgh. The emotional and utopian character of recent radicals offended Alinsky's sense of pragmatism. He had no patience with either revolutionary black separatists or white hippie dropouts because both "dogmatically refuse to begin with the world as it is," scoffed at pure theorists because "a movement without organization is nothing more than a bowel movement." When asked about death, Alinsky replied: "They'll send me to hell—and I'll organize it."

**Died.** Dr. Georg von Békésy, 73, Hungarian-born physicist and winner of the 1961 Nobel Prize in medicine for his research on the human ear, of cancer, in Honolulu. Von Békésy was a scientist employed by a Budapest telephone laboratory when he began his research into the physiological aspects of hearing during the '20s. Over the next four decades his equipment and techniques—he once glued tiny mirrors onto an eardrum to observe its response to varied sounds—helped in the diagnosis of hearing disorders.

**Died.** Admiral Felix Stump, 77, former commander of the Pacific Fleet; of cancer; in Bethesda, Md. A brusque, no-nonsense Annapolis man, Stump was skipper of a seaplane tender at the start of World War II. He was soon given a carrier command and then led the U.S. Navy carrier task force during the battle of Leyte Gulf. As chief of the Pacific Fleet (1953-58), Stump was responsible for maintaining the nation's military ties with Asian allies.

**Died.** Edmund Wilson, 77, protean man of letters (see BOOKS).

**Died.** Kirke L. Simpson, 90, who as an Associated Press reporter coined the phrase "smoke-filled room" to characterize the Chicago hotel suite in which Warren Harding's presidential nomination was arranged, then won a 1921 Pulitzer Prize and the A.P.'s first byline for his eloquent account of the burial of America's Unknown Soldier; in Los Gatos, Calif.

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## BOOKS

### Edmund Wilson: 1895-1972

"At Princeton, you specialized in literature; then you went to Columbia summer school to study sociology and labor . . . Don't you think you ought to concentrate on something?"

"Father, what I want to do is try to get to know something about all the main departments of human thought."

This stilted exchange might have come from Edwardian comedy. It rises in fact from Edmundian solemnity. When he died of heart disease last week at 77, Edmund Wilson had indeed investigated the main departments of human thought. More than that, he had, in his term, "a synoptic" vision of them all. Literature, politics, history, language, travel—all arenas felt his deliberative footsteps; all were illuminated by his urbane, relentless intelligence. They are still lit; 22 of his books remain in print. His original judgments on 20th century literary masters have been vindicated; his piercing moral arguments against totalitarianism have actually gained force with the movement of history.

Those who came late to Wilsonian autocracy are familiar only with the brooding mandarin, ominously reminiscent of Sydney Greenstreet contemplating the bust of the Maltese falcon. The persona was carefully cultivated by the master, whose "Do not disturb" sign was printed in his face and on his stationery ("Mr. Wilson regrets that it is impossible for him to . . . write introductions . . . make speeches . . . judge literary contests . . . give interviews . . . autograph books for strangers . . . donate copies of his books to libraries . . . contribute to symposiums of any kind . . . supply personal information about himself"). Critic Alfred Kazin suggests that "anyone so extraordinarily gifted, and obsessed with words, must have grown up deep inside the shell that his own gift created around him."

The gift was obtained at great psychic expense. Wilson's father was a prominent lawyer whose career dissolved in mental illness. Soon after, Wilson's mother—who gave him the detestable sobriquet "Bunny"—went mysteriously deaf. Journalism became consolation, then a career. After Princeton, he reported for the *New York Evening Sun*, then joined *Vanity Fair*. Later, as critic at the *New Republic*, he made

the original assessments that launched America's literary renaissance. Wilson was the first important critic to recognize the fragile talent of a fellow Princetonian, "F. Scott Fitzgerald," he wrote in 1922, "has been left with a jewel which he doesn't know quite what to do with." Two years later, Wilson published the first appreciation of a new writer named Ernest Hemingway.

With his studies of Yeats, Proust, Joyce and Valéry (*Azazel's Castle* in 1931), he moved from literary magistracy to international judge. All of these artists, he said, "break down the walls of the present and wake us to the hope and exaltation of the untried, unsuspected



THE MAN OF LETTERS AT AGE 67  
Combating the culture vandal.

possibilities of human thought and art."

The present—that was Wilson's true vandal of culture. Despite early Marxist explorations (*To the Finland Station*), he saw hell beckoning in the century of the common man. How could a man of letters combat the tendencies of his era? By manliness and with letters, of course. To that end, Wilson continued to study a dozen foreign languages, write novels, plays, poems, articles, critiques, books on every subject that pleased or piqued him. His fiction is minor. *I Thought of Daisy* is chiefly remembered for its portrait of the young Edna St. Vincent Millay. *Memoirs of Hecate County* was ruled obscene in its time (1946), but its verbiage was corrected by changing mores. As for his dramas, he will no more be remembered for them than Samuel Johnson is for *Rasselas*. It is his nonfiction that inspired the London *Times Literary Supplement's* tribute to Wilson as

"a necessary writer, a chosen man. And it is this feeling of watching a man proving himself equal to an uncontestedly important task—explaining the world to America and explaining America to itself—which provides the constant excitement of Wilson's work."

Wilson's passion for detail often made his work ponderous, but he also had a quick malicious wit. Archibald MacLeish was skewered by Wilson's burlesque, *The Omelet of A. MacLeish*, in which the poet is caught doctoring his dish with garlic to fit the new proletarian style. Of a celebrated presidential biography, Wilson wrote: "The cruelest thing that has happened to Lincoln since he was shot by Booth was to fall into the hands of Carl Sandburg."

Unlike his coyer colleagues, Wilson was never afraid to turn his searchlight on himself. He wrote frankly of his youthful intoxication with Communism, of his own nervous collapse, of marital wrangles (four wives).

In the '60s, Wilson slighted contemporary fiction in favor of history. He wrote on the delusions of the Civil War (*Patriotic Gore*), on the plight of the American Indians (*Apologies to the Iroquois*), on *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea*. Academicians, ever suspicious of an untenured authority, attacked his conclusions. Occasionally a justifiable critique appeared: Stanley Edgar Hyman found Wilson curiously unresponsive to poetry. Wilfrid Sheed once saw him crankily thrashing at the Internal Revenue Service "like W.C. Fields, brandishing his cane at the urchins." Richard Gilman discerned an "avoidance of all the really disturbing and aberrant writers of our own time." Wilson characteristically refrained from counterattack. Only an intellectual peer could elicit a true response. His last literary feud was with Vladimir Nabokov over their common mistress, the Russian language.

Late in life Wilson liked to say that "old-fogeyism is comfortably closing in." But it could never obscure so large a figure. He continued writing to the end (two posthumous volumes will be published in the fall). Ultimately, his battle was with this century, not with writers, critics or wives. Last week the third Mrs. Wilson (Mary McCarthy) wrote his fairest epitaph: "He was an immense landmark. He was active, full of industry and now he's not there any more. I don't see any replacement for Edmund Wilson."

\* Stefan Kanfer

### Auschwitz Mon Amour

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Regular & Menthol, 21 mg. tar, 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report, Aug. '71.

## BOOKS

wife Tamara, and Masha, his mistress, are three Polish Jews who survived Nazi efficiency and are suspended in the limbo of a hot- and cold-running America. Below them is the dead world of Eastern European Jewry. Overhead is the infinite confusion of a cruel, capricious God.

Who else could have arranged Herman Broder's fate? He escaped the gas chambers by hiding in a hayloft for nearly three years. His food was brought and his waste removed by Yadwiga, an illiterate peasant girl. According to an eyewitness, Tamara and the Broders' two children were shot by Germans. So, after the war, Broder marries Yadwiga and brings her to New York. Speaking only rural Polish and afraid to venture more than a few blocks from her electrical-appliance heaven, Yadwiga lives like a contented cow.

Broder tells her he is a book salesman who must be on the road a lot. In truth, he is a ghostwriter for a rich rabbi. Broder spends half his nights with Masha, a beautiful neurotic who also survived the death camps. A high-strung package of insatiable hunger—cigarettes, sex and self-destruction—she is one of Singer's best creations.

When Broder's original wife Tamara turns up, a survivor after all, Singer's spiritual and psychological "ghost" story grows more bizarre. Still, Broder's attempts to manage the three women



ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER  
*Love among the nightmares.*

seem a likely retribution for his real and imagined sins. The author's simple narrative style makes his complex interlocking of hauntings and guilts perfectly natural. His understanding of emotions is profound. As he shows in *Enemies*, love distorted by apocalyptic history is an excruciating ordeal, especially for those who must wake each day from the graves of their own nightmares.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

## Ambling On

### THE LEVANTER

by ERIC AMBLER

307 pages. Atheneum. \$6.95.

"As good as Ambler," say the cover blurbs on all those derivative thrillers that aren't. *The Levant* shows why. Nobody else is quite so much at home down there behind the Middle Eastern gasworks where the real horrors breed, among the machines and crackpot politicos and bills of lading, the irony and the ironmonger. Nobody but Ambler is quite so willing to risk boring us with the crucial facts—why the Russian rocket needs a special mounting flange to take a Chinese fuse, why it isn't all that simple to plot a new course for a merchant vessel sailing from Latakia to Alexandria, why the Agency Howell (shipping, light manufacturing, fast footwork) needs to get its capital out of Syria before the next revolution.

This time (the 14th), Ambler's protagonist is someone called Michael Howell. He is, in fact, deceptively named and only "fractionally British," less one man than "a committee of several," according to his mistress, a mixture of Lebanese, Armenian, Syrian and Greek Cypriot. Out of innocence, cupidity and ill fortune, Howell finds himself dragged whimpering into cooperation with Arab guerrillas so sleazy that they have been disowned by

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Mercury Montego MX Brougham. Options shown:

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a Palestine liberation organization. Under the leadership of one Salah Ghaled, a psychotic with a wallet full of atrocity photos and a rhetorical style normally found only in real life, they are working up a terrorist attack on Israel. From Howell's trembling point of view, the plan—which involves radio-controlled rockets and bombs in plastic bags—is all too ingenious. From everyone else's, too, come to think of it. Perhaps *The Levant* ought to be banned in Beirut.

■ Charles Elliott

## "Ordinary Signals"

THE NEEDLE'S EYE

by MARGARET DRABBLE

368 pages. Knopf. \$6.95.

After six serious, successful novels, Margaret Drabble has a major reputation in Britain, but she is not nearly so well known in the U.S. Drabble's hallmark is unadorned intelligence. Her books tend to leave one massive impression rather than memories of particular scenes. Though she is a formidable social observer, other writers organize a more effective Dreadful Dinner Party

Compare Salah Ghaled. While we Palestinians must still fight for justice no bystanders are in doubt with Bassam Zaid, spokesman for the terrorist group claiming credit for the recent Feb. 21 bombing of Pan Am Flight 103. Our purpose was to kill as many people as possible at the airport—Israels, of course—but anyone else who was there.



MARGARET DRABBLE  
*Fussier than usual.*

While she is also painstaking about domestic detail, Doris Lessing, for instance, sets a better table, and Mary McCarthy is a more telling interior decorator.

What Drabble excels in is something very difficult: the interplay between essential character and volatile emotions that occurs in individuals under stress.

Her new heroine, Rose Vassilou, might be a cousin of Jane Gray in her

most recent book, *The Waterfall*. Rose is divorced, with three small children and a national reputation as an "eccentric." What really caused her notoriety was money. A major Midlands heiress, she had enraged her family by marrying a penniless Greek boy and giving her inheritance away to a dubious African relief fund. The family squabbled made all the tabloids. Ten years later, Rose is found raising a family in a working-class district of London while her tempestuous ex-husband, now making plenty of money, bedevils her to gain custody of the children, whom he would like to enroll in the way of life she fled.

Rose is a natural mess maker. All she wants, she says, is to be left alone by the world in general, and her moody, ambitious ex-husband in particular. "I respond to such ordinary signals in the world," she explains. "Cut prices and sunshine and babies in prams and talking in the shops."

Most of the long narrative hovers around the custody crisis. What Rose is really doing is steering a plain, old-fashioned moral course. Her state-school-educated children are good kids with clear heads and unwarped values. She loves her "exhausting days" of ironing and baby sitting for neighbors. Around this serene nucleus, judges, advocates, friends and schemers swirl.

Rose finally resolves the problem by taking her husband back. Somehow things change at once. She becomes

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*One o'clock Jump* (Count Basie version) • *Bluebird Blues* • *So Long* (Benny Goodman version) • *Tay Trampin* (Raymond Scott version) • *Organ Grinder's Swing* (Jimmie Lunceford version) • *Motor Swing* (Andy Kirk version)

*I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You* (Tommy Dorsey version) • *Stampin' at the Savoy* (Benny Goodman version) • *Taps for Tap* (Count Basie version) • *Moonglow* (Benny Goodman version) • *Parade of the Mills Bottles* (Caps Jimmy Dorsey version)

*Royal Garden Blues* (Bob Crosby version) • *You Turned the Tables on Me* (Benny Goodman version) • *Song of India* (Tommy Dorsey version) • *Remember* (Red Norvo version) • *Swingtime in the Rockies* (Benny Goodman version)

*Caravan* (Duke Ellington version) • *Walkin' and Swingin'* (Andy Kirk version) • *My Way to Heaven* (Jimmie Lunceford version) • *Stop, Look, and Listen (Paris I and II)* (Tommy Dorsey version)

*Christopher Columbus* (Phil Woods Henderson version) • *Goodbye* (Benny Goodman version) • *In a Sentimental Mood* (Duke Ellington version) • *Goody Goody* (Benny Goodman version) • *Prisoner's Song* (Bunny Berigan version)



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Once you hear "The Music of 1936-37," you'll recognize at once the technical superiority of these stereo re-creations by Time-Life Records over ordinary re-recordings. For these remarkable stereo recordings are based on the classic arrangements that made the Big Bands famous. A few selections are recent recordings of this Swing Era music by the famous Glen Gray orchestra. Others are brand-new recordings by greats of that era and today, directed by the celebrated trumpet master Billy May.

While you listen to their impeccable performances, you can feast your eyes on the hard-cover, 72-page book, "The Movies: Between Vitaphone and Video." Reading it, you'll thrill to hundreds of nostalgic facts... relish choice insights the stories provide on the people, stars and spirit of the time. You'll also be taken behind the scenes for a close-up view of your favorite stars in their most glittering performances—and get a peek at many amusing antics in candid photographs.

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"Into the '70s." Special Benny Goodman volume entitled "The King in Person: Benny Goodman into the '70s." The book's photo essay: "Benny Goodman: At Home Around the World." A fitting grand finale.

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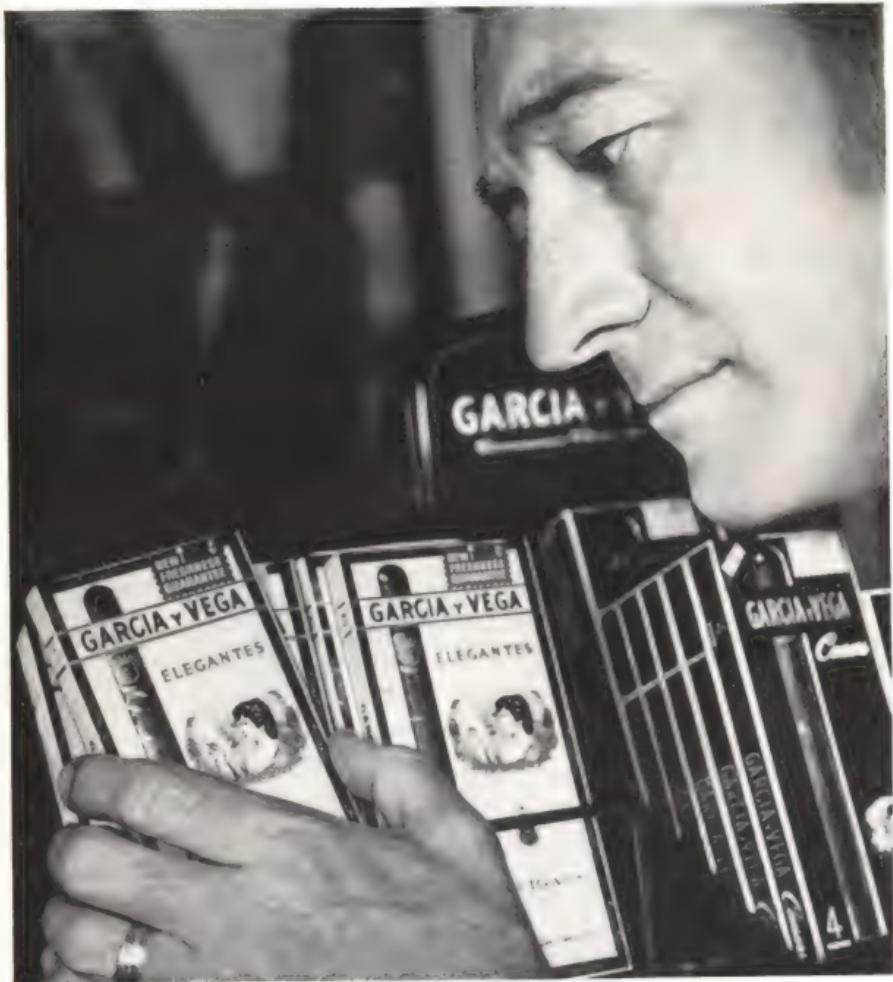
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## BOOKS

more querulous and resentful; her beloved tacky neighborhood suddenly gets chic. But her motives are still homely and consistent. She relinquishes "the spiritual calm it had been a crime to lose" because she finally cannot deprive the children of their father—or him of them.

This is the author's longest, most ambitious book, but like her others it is meandering, reflective and unromantic—low on plot, long on thoughtfulness. There is, however, one new disconcerting element. The prose is notably fussy than usual. If there were a Comma Prize, Margaret Drabble would win in a walk.

\* Martha Duffy

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## Blind into Doom

### THE CHILDREN OF PRIDE

edited by ROBERT MANSON MYERS  
1,845 pages. Yale University Press.  
\$19.95.

The Rev. Charles C. Jones, in the year 1854, was a prosperous plantation owner who lived with his intensely pious wife on the Georgia coast south of Savannah. Though aging and in fragile health, he was still noted as a Christian missionary to the Negro slaves. His son Charles was at Harvard, studying law and observing with righteous outrage the schemings of abolitionists and other anarchists. His other son, Joseph, was in Philadelphia studying medicine. Jones' brothers, sisters, cousins, and their swarming children, lived on other coastal plantations or in Marietta and Savannah. They were loyal, often loving. They bustled with industry, yet had spacious leisure. They had, of course, no telephones. So they wrote letters.

How they wrote them! With varying literary distinction, indeed with all the ornamental vices of the time, yet often with attractive energy and at copious length, they wrote to each other monthly, weekly, sometimes daily, for nearly 20 years. What was more unusual, the Jones family saved the letters, all 6,000 of them, 4,000,000 words or more. English Professor Robert Manson Myers selected 1,200, made minor cuts, and knitted the skeins of reply and re-reply into an almost continuous narrative, mostly without in-text notes or bridges. Then in 17 years of fanatic industry, he added 300 pages of biographical notes and index.

The story is irresistibly alive, initially nostalgic, ultimately pitiable. Too raw to be first-rate social history, it never really becomes the true-life epistolary novel which Editor Myers claims. The Joneses wrote of farming and money, hurricanes and family visits, a trip to Niagara and Mammoth Cave, a cousin dead of yellow fever, an uncle disgraced by drink and a woman, a sermon enjoyed, a length of calico purchased. They wrote also about their slaves—referring to them usually, with unsettling reverberations today, as "the people."

The Civil War approaches, wel-

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**Eyewitness News  
5, 6 and 10 pm**



# The Route of **The Red Baron**

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## BOOKS

comed with fat confidence Young Charles becomes a colonel. Inflation comes, hard times and hunger. The Yankees come, with pillage and emancipation. Defeat comes. At last the family scatters—to the grave, to New Orleans with a few pickings from their once sumptuous possessions, young Charles to New York and a distinguished career at the bar. Throughout—and here is the final secret of the book's fascination—they show themselves at once courageous and uncomprehending, walking upright and blind into doom.

Once only, in a letter from the Rev C.C. Jones to his son, dated November 8th, 1854, does a kind of understanding flash forth: "I wish to make the impression on you with the point of a diamond that you never can succeed and attain to any eminence in your profession if you have anything at all to do with the management of Negro property. No man within my knowledge ever has..."

\*Horace Judson

## PAPERBACKS

### Recommended

The following titles, reviewed in TIME when published in hardcover, are being released this summer as paperbacks:

#### FICTION

*M/F* by Anthony Burgess (Ballantine)  
*Cape of Storms* by John Gordon Davis (Fawcett)

*Willy Remembers* by Irvin Faust (Avon)

*The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman* by Ernest J. Gaines (Ballantine)

*Faking It, or The Wrong Hungarian* by Gerald Green (Pocket)  
*Being There* by Jerzy Kosinski (Ballantine)

*Briefing for a Descent into Hell* by Doris Lessing (Ballantine)  
*St. Urban's Horseman* by Mordecai Richler (Ballantine)

#### NONFICTION

*Me and the Orgone* by Orson Bean (Fawcett)

*The Dark Night of Resistance* by Daniel Barrington (Ballantine)

*Rose: A Biography of Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy* by Gail Cameron (Berkeley)

*The Name Above the Title* by Frank Capra (Ballantine)

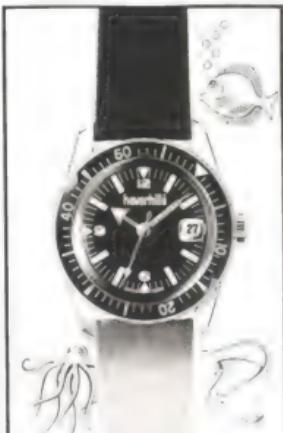
*There She Is: The Life and Times of Miss America* by Frank Deford (Avon)

*The Ro Expeditions* by Thor Heyerdahl (N.A.L.)

*Madame* by Patrick Higgins (Dell)  
*The Gift Horse* by Hildegard Knef (Dell)

*Zooz* by William Morris (Ballantine)  
*Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago* by Mike Royko (Pocket)

*On Instructions of My Government* by Pierre Salinger (Dell)  
*Living Well Is the Best Revenge* by Calvin Tomkins (N.A.L.)



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**France**





This is Ocho Rios  
“boonoonoonoos”:  
a feast on the beach,  
tea in a garden,  
folk singing and dancing,  
and go fly a kite.

In Jamaican-ese, “boonoonoonoos” means “fun.”

In Ocho Rios, “boonoonoonoos” means *happenings* that are fun.

Every week.

Every Tuesday at 4, “boonoonoonoos” is high tea on a hilltop in Shaw Park’s lyrical gardens.

Cakes, crumpets. And sweet band music. (And maybe a teatime two-step.) And models swishing about. And flowers, birds and a banyan tree as big as a house.

And People to Meet.

Thursday nights it’s a party on the beach at the bottom of Dunn’s River. Rum, calypso.

Bare feet. And dancing on white sands. And supping on lobster and suckling pig.

Come early. Climb the falls.

Saturdays come to a kite fête on a big velvety field under a blue sky. (Other kids have spelling bees, we have kite flies.)

Fly. Feel like a kid. Then stay for a polo match and “chat.”

And “real” Jamaica.

Sunday nights see us dance (National Company) or sing (Folk Singers) our “own thing”—not African, not American, but joyously “Jamaican.”

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That’s Ocho Rios “boonoonoonoos.”

Ahead: Kingston “gwans” (goin’s ons), Montego Bay “bruckins” (social gatherings), Port Antonio “kanapo” (calm and quiet).

To come for our fun (and for our foreignness), see a travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Miami, San Francisco, Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, Toronto, Montreal.





If this were an ordinary gin, we would  
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle

Charles Tanqueray

## SHOW BUSINESS & TELEVISION

### Talent on Approval

The summer TV season is not wholly a faded festival of reruns. Sometimes the networks use it to examine talent on approval, testing prospects for possible recall during the dark days of winter. The newest and brightest experiment of this type is CBS's *Melba Moore-Clifton Davis Show*, a slick, soulful variety series now subbing for the *Carroll Burnett Show*.

Offering a combination of urbane musical comedy and hip ghetto humor, the hour-long program features two young black stars whose previous exposure has been mainly in New York theaters. Moore and Davis, offstage

that can shift gears from blues to ballads, from glass-shattering high notes to deep-down growls in one easy swoop.

Co-star Davis is slightly outdazzled, but he has his own engaging way with his lines and songs—which is only natural, since he writes some of each. (One of his earlier songwriting efforts, *Never Can Say Goodbye*, earned a gold record for the Jackson Five in December.) One of 15 children born to a Baptist preacher, Davis grew up outside of Boston, once cleaned hamburger stands for a living and, like Moore, got his acting start in a Broadway chorus. At 26, he is a star of Broadway's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Comic relief is provided by a cast of four regulars, who make up a motley, multifaceted sampling of the building's tenants: an Italian con man, a black superintendent, a fiery Puerto Rican and a jittery white liberal. "Quite on!" shouted the ersatz liberal in a demonstration of solidarity with Davis in last week's installment. "You know," he added, "I was the first to complain when they took *Amos 'n' Andy* off the air." It is a complaint likely to be echoed by a broader audience when the *Melba Moore-Clifton Davis Show* ends its scheduled five-week run on July 5.

### Man with a Valise

The scene: Los Angeles International Airport. Jean-Louis Trintignant, just arrived from Paris, waits in line at the immigration counter, unrecognized by the other passengers behind him. Cut to: the same location, a few days later. Trintignant is arriving again, only this time it is the opening sequence of *The Outside Man*, the new movie he has come to the U.S. to make, and a camera crew is filming the scene. As a French gunman who flies into L.A. to assassinate a gang boss, Trintignant says very little in the movie, which is just as well, since he barely speaks English. Most of his dialogue is with Ann-Margret, as a topless dancer who shelters him when he is on the lam—and in such circumstances, who needs English?

The difficulty of the role is what might have lured most actors. But Trintignant agreed to make the film first because the director is Jacques Demy, who made *Borsalino*. "An interesting director will make an interesting film," Trintignant explained to TIME Correspondent Roland Flamini (in French). "An actor is at best his inspired assistant. Second, there's the story. And only after that do I consider the part." His wife Nadine, a French director who has made two Trintignant pictures, says: "Once he has made a commitment to a director, he never questions him—and that includes me. At home we argue about films all the time. But on the set, he's in my hands."

Though *The Outside Man* is Trintignant's 53rd movie in 17 years, the quiet, diffident actor is relatively new to the luxury of choosing his films and directors. Trintignant, 41, has emerged only in recent years as a superbly subtle technician of the screen. His taut, understated performances have included such diverse characterizations as the driven public prosecutor in Costa-Gavras' *Z*, the uptight Catholic in Rohmer's *Ma Nuit Chez Maud* and the intellectual fascist-killer in Bertolucci's *The Conformist*. Trintignant's acting style is condensed to a prodigious point of thrift in which complex characters are brought to life with extraordinary economy of gesture and expression. "The best actor in the world," he maintains, "is the one who feels the most and shows the least."

**The Inner Life.** Trintignant was a shy, 20-year-old from Nîmes, in the south of France, when he enrolled in the National Film School in Paris. He wanted to be a director, but he took an acting course to gain confidence—and get rid of a telltale provincial accent. The course led to a role as Brigitte Bardot's unhappy husband in her first major movie, *And God Created Woman*. BB walked away with the picture, but Trintignant walked away with BB. Their widely publicized affair simmered for three years, until Trintignant got a draft notice. He swallowed large quantities of egg white in a desperate attempt to induce an albuminous condition and get a medical deferment, but the army induced him anyway.

After his discharge, Trintignant spent a decade in a rut, playing mooning lovers and timid husbands in a succession of forgettable pictures (*Mata Hari*, *The Game of Truth*). These were interspersed with equally unmemorable

TRINTIGNANT IN LOS ANGELES



CO-STARS DAVIS & MOORE  
Selling urbane soul.

roommates for the past two years, are teamed up in a TV format built around their real life relationship. Portrayed as co-inhabitants of a New York brownstone (separated, for propriety's sake, into separate apartments), they sing and socialize in a roof-and-stoop setting with visiting guest stars who check in each week as temporary roomers.

What the show lacks in lavishness it makes up in talent. Melba Moore, 27, is a former Newark schoolteacher who broke into show business doing background doo-ahhh's on Dionne Warwick and Harry Belafonte records. Within 18 months of joining the chorus of Broadway's *Hair*, she became the show's first black female lead.

**Deep Growls.** In her second Broadway try, in the musical *Purlie*, she strutted away with the show, coping the 1970 Tony Award for the best supporting actress. At 5 ft. 4 in. and 100 lbs., she is waifish, impish and has a voice

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June 2, 1972

Paris stage performances, including an attempt at Hamlet that was tragic in more ways than one.

Trintignant's breakthrough came in 1966 with *A Man and a Woman*. The low-key love story was tailor-made to his personality by his friend, Director Claude Lelouch, and filmed without a script in four weeks. Offers began pouring in, but Trintignant had had enough of romantic parts. "Love scenes embarrass me," he says. "I'm not an exhibitionist." He now prefers political films that share his left-wing viewpoint (the most recent: *The Assassination*, based on the Ben Barka affair in France) and bad-guy roles "to counteract my own good nature." Costa-Gavras calls him "the only star who'll make films he likes even if those films can ruin his career."

Trintignant uses several devices for cultivating the "inner life" that is the key to his characterizations. To bring out his bad side, he plays poker—"an evil game. If you want to win you have to be vicious." To heighten his perception, he has delved into drugs, fasted and conducted sexual experiments with his wife. To sharpen his powers of concentration, he races his Formula V car. Dominique Sanda, his co-star in *The Conformist*, describes him as "an eye that listens attentively." Says Trintignant: "I wake up in the morning and think, 'How would my character wash his teeth?' I build up a valise of ideas about him." With that valise, Trintignant never travels light.

## News on the Home Front

The two new anchor men on the KABC-TV news in Los Angeles were so charming that more than 10,000 letters came in—most of them saying things like "Please send me John Schuback in a plain brown wrapper." Impressed, the station decided to do virtually that. It ran a contest, with the prize being not only Schuback but also Fellow Newscaster Joseph Bent, a staff of technicians, a truckload of cameras and cables, and all the paraphernalia needed to deliver a newscast straight from the winner's own home.

Winner Linda Jensen, 17, may have been luckier than the rest of KABC-TV's audience. With the entire six-member Jensen family and a five-man news team squeezed onto two sofas, the personable Schuback and Bent last week introduced their hosts, then gave the news from the Jensen living room. The weather report originated from the kitchen area, and the sports from the dining room between mouthfuls of *garbanzos* and over the noise of firecrackers being set off outside by envious neighbors. Said Commentator Ralph Story, taking an oblique crack at the errant aim of newspaper delivery boys: "It's a pleasure to deliver the news right to the Jensens' door, instead of in the bushes where they usually receive it."

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TIME, JUNE 26, 1972

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